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# Borrowed for Bait

By  
Cathleen  
Rogers

IT all started when a lorry, piled ten feet high with empty boxes, lurched round the corner from Waterloo Bridge and decanted five empty crates into the middle of the Strand. Nobody did anything about them. Three taxis stopped. A bus tried to make a detour and didn't quite manage it. A nice line in traffic blocks started to pile up.

The tall young man with the flapping mackintosh and soft hat looked at the girl in the smooth fur bolero and grinned. But evidently her sense of humor was not touched. She said slyly, "Why doesn't somebody do something?"

"Why not make a start yourself?" he suggested.

"But it's crazy! A thing like this happens and nobody does anything."

"Because it's nobody's job. Everybody's got enough to do looking after his own business. There just isn't anybody deputed to stand in the middle of the road and move boxes that fall off passing lorries."

"You're a man," she said in a withering voice. "There might be people in those taxis wanting to catch trains—or trying to get to hospital, or something."

"If they're in such a desperate hurry, what's to prevent their hopping out and kicking the things out of the way themselves?" he asked amiably.

She looked at him as if she would have liked to bite him, and, to his astonishment, darted into the middle of the road and seized the nearest box.

"Hi!" said the young man, and followed her, his mackintosh flapping and billowing.

They made two trips each, and gazed with satisfaction at the neat pile of boxes on the pavement edge. The traffic started to move again. Nobody made any comment.

"There you are!" he said bitterly. "Rank ingratitude. Not one of those people hurrying for the boat-train or rushing to hospital gives us as much as a thank-you."

The girl in the fur bolero was also bitter. Having an hour to spare before meeting Ronnie, she'd been going window-shopping. And now . . .

"I've a splinter in my hand," she said.

"What do you expect? Half the accidents in industry occur among untrained workers. Now if you'd been apprenticed to Public Highways, Obstructions, Clearance of . . ."

"Oh, you're crazy!" she said.

"Let me see that splinter."

"Why should I?"

"Splinters can be dangerous. Blood-poisoning, gangrene. The things splinters lead to would surprise you. I have a friend . . ."

"Must you hold my hand like this?"

He looked at her, shaking his head.

"You have a very suspicious nature. You actually imagine I'm using this splinter as an excuse to hold your hand. Now look. It's under the nail. Very nasty. If you go to a doctor, do

you know what he's going to do?"

"I've a pretty good idea. Don't let's talk about it."

"Well then, let me take it out."

"Here in the street?"

"Well, there are better places. The Hollywood Snack Bar offers Irish stew, two veg., college pudding, and a cup of tea for one-and-tenpence. You couldn't beat that. I could look after the splinter while the girl was sponging down the table."

"But it's ridiculous!"

"So's life," he grinned. "Come on . . ."

"I hope it's not hurting you too badly, Jean," he said, when they were seated at a table.

"My name isn't Jean."

"I guessed it wouldn't be, but that's my sister's name, so I call all strange girls Jean. Mine's Dick Norton, if you're at all interested."

"I'm not, but if we must call each other something, mine's Julie Travers. Good heavens, where did those horrible pincers come from?"

"These are forceps, my child." He wielded them skilfully.

"My Aunt Heppy impressed upon me that one should always be prepared for emergencies. This small leather case contains, among other things, a needle, useful either for splinters or loose buttons," he probed with it, "a phial of iodine," he applied some, "and a small roll of sticking plaster. There we are! Quite a workmanlike job!"

He packed the articles away, studied her intently, then asked, "Whose show are you in?"

"I'm not in anybody's show."

He paused for Irish stew to be put on the table. "What do you do, then?"

"Suppose I said I modelled?"

"What, gowns or for students? The term covers a lot of things."

"What do you do?" she asked impulsively, forgetting Ronnie for the moment.

"Well, for a start I tell the truth about myself. I study composition at the Cecelia College of Music. To pay for it, I play the organ on Sundays at St. Ignace's and the piano on week nights at the Quadriga."

"That's nearly as difficult to believe," she said, "as my story."

She broke off, startled, as a girl entered and passed them with a provocative sway of hip.

"Why, hullo, May," she said.

"Hullo, Julie. Well, well!"



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## DICK NORTON

found himself being closely scrutinised, and was relieved when the girl passed on to a vacant table at the far end.

"Have you ever composed anything?" Julie asked. "On your own, I mean?" "On the moment I'm working on a trio for piano, violin, and viola. I don't think," he added dolefully, "you'd like it at all."

Julie, being fundamentally honest, didn't bother to protest that she would.

"Oh, the sun's coming out!" she said delightedly, looking away out the door.

"Makes you think about the country," Dick said. "I suppose you—you're working this afternoon?"

"No. It's my half-holiday." "Because... Well, I've never been to Kew, although I've been in London the last three years."

"I've never been to Kew, either."

"Let's go." "But I couldn't!" she protested. "You could. Think of Kew. The sunshine."

Julie explained it all to May, ten minutes later, behind a discreet door. Or she tried to explain it.

"Don't ask me why!" she said. "It started when some boxes fell off a lorry."

"Are you out of your mind?" demanded May. "What about Ronnie?"

"That's the queer thing. I don't care about Ronnie any longer."

"Now listen! Ronnie's wriggling in the net. Be sensible. Every hair of Ronnie's head drips with diamonds. Ronnie's taking you out this afternoon. It's to impress Ronnie that you've borrowed this gorgeous slinky bolero. By the time you've been the rounds to-night he should have proposed. Isn't that so?" May challenged.

In the end Julie did as she was told. She slipped out the side way while May proceeded regally downstairs and told Dick, not without malice in her voice, that Miss Travers had just remembered an urgent appointment and had had to rush away.

Dick got up slowly, shook his mackintosh and put it on. He looked round, blinked as if a strong light had been turned on and made for the door, his shoulders slumping.

Julie waited half an hour past the time of their appointment before deciding to give Ronnie a ring. Ronald Asherton Bracewell lived with his parents at their country seat in Hampshire. They also had a small house in town. Ronnie didn't like Julie to ring up, because his parents, he explained, were a bit on the stiff side.

"Darling," said Ronnie, "I rang everywhere. I simply couldn't make it. You must know it's something pretty important to make me miss a date with you. You do understand, don't you?"

"Just how important?" asked Julie, shivering in the call-box. "What is it?"

"Well, I have to see a man about a horse. As a matter of fact I'm just leaving. He's stabled at Pinner."

"Who is—the man?" "The horse, darling." Ronnie was faintly peevish over the wire. "Can't you be serious for a moment?"

"If you only knew how serious! There are three broken panes in this call-box."

"Now listen..." began Ronnie. "Darling," interrupted Julie dreamily, "what would you do if you saw a lot of boxes drop off a lorry in the Strand?"

"Boxes? Nothing, of course. What? No, I certainly wouldn't pick them up. Look here, have you been drinking?"

"Nothing but weak tea."

"Oh!" She could almost see Ronnie twiddling his feet as he always did when he wasn't sure what to say next. "Well, I'll be back in town by seven. I'm frightfully sorry about this afternoon, Julie, but I'll make it up to you. Where would you like to go?"

She considered. It would have to be somewhere violently expensive, of course, or Ronnie wouldn't enjoy himself. Then she had a sudden idea.

"The Quadrage!" she said triumphantly.

"Somewhere new? All right. I'll

## Borrowed For Bait

Continued from page 3

pick you up at the usual place about nine."

"At nine. Unless," she suggested wickedly, "you'd like me to come along earlier and dine with you at home?"

"Well, look here, Julie," said Ronnie again, "it's dashed awkward. What I mean is..."

"I know, darling. They're stiff. Don't worry. I understand perfectly."

So that was that. No Ronnie. No Dick Norton, no Kew.

She'd had lunch, hadn't she? So now what? Suppose she went to a show all by herself? She found a little theatre near Piccadilly Circus, but was too deep in her thoughts even to notice the name.

Promptly at nine o'clock Ronnie picked her up.

Everything about him shone. His hair, his shoes, his car; even his ears. Ronnie's ears were a little too large and standoffish, and long intimacy with horses had given him a slightly toothy look. But, as May said, you can't expect everything with five thousand a year and more to follow.

"This Quadrage place," said Ronnie. "I suppose you know where it is?"

"Haven't the least idea," Julie said. "It must be somewhere about, though."

Ronnie grunted stentoriously to himself, steered the car towards the district where such establishments are usually to be found. They worked systematically from Regent Street to Park Lane, but all to no purpose. The Quadrage was not to be found.

"I suppose it couldn't be in the suburbs?" said Ronnie unhappily.

"The best thing to do," suggested

*"Always remember, however sure you are that you can easily win, that there would not be a war if the other man did not think he also had a chance."*

—Winston Churchill.

Julie practically, "will be to park the car and take a taxi."

It was the best thing, Ronnie agreed.

Twenty minutes or so later, after endless twists and turns, they stopped in front of a large, murky-looking building. Ronnie dismissed the taxi, then stood staring at the building in obvious dismay.

"This is ridiculous," he said at length. "What sort of a place—"

"Don't worry, darling," Julie said airily. "Wait till we get inside."

Inside, the Quadrage was immense and it was practically full. The din was tremendous. Nobody was at all stiff. On the contrary, everybody seemed riotously cheerful, and Ronnie's obvious dismay increased.

Julie laughed at his expression. She was thoroughly enjoying his reactions. Because this, to Julie, wasn't at all an odd way of spending Thursday evening. Until she met Ronnie, places like the Quadrage had played quite a big part in her life.

The band had started playing something. They couldn't hear it, but judging by the way people were moving about the floor, it was a waltz. Julie glanced at Ronnie.

"Might as well," he said.

And they did. At the end of the waltz they found themselves not far from the band. The leader thumped his feet. A trombone brayed.

"Strut woogie," said Julie. "Perhaps you wouldn't care?"

"I wouldn't care," said Ronnie, and sat down weakly.

Most of the music was coming from the drums and the bass and the piano. The piano...

He was bent over the piano, pounding the keys like a maniac. He turned, during the last terrific onslaught, and saw Julie watching him. He came slowly to the edge of the stage and jumped down.

Julie introduced the two men, and as she did so a gleam came into Ronnie's eyes, then a light of dawning comprehension.

And then Dick said, turning to her, "How's the splinter?"

"Splinter?" said Ronnie.

"Didn't Julie tell you? How she helped me to clear obstructions in the Strand this morning and sustained minor injuries?"

The light in Ronnie's eyes deepened.

"Now I've got it!" he said. "Splinter! Boxes in the Strand! Ha! I'm putting two and two together."

"And adding them up to six!" suggested Dick.

"No. Adding them up to the fact that I'm being made a fool of." He glared angrily at the pair of them.

"No, Ronnie—no," Julie said quickly. "I didn't have any idea of making you feel a fool."

"Well, that's how it seems to me I'm leaving, Julie. Are you coming with me?"

He looked so pathetically angry that she was almost tempted to say yes. But then she looked at Dick Norton, and remembered how Ronnie had left her to go and buy the horse at Pinner, and she said "No" instead.

So Ronnie walked with great dignity towards the emergency exit.

Julie sat behind a bank of palms at the base of a pillar and thought hard. The manner of Ronnie's going indicated that he would not be back. And she had dreamed of a flattering entry in the 1950 edition of "Landed Gentry": "Ronald Asherton Bracewell, m. 1947 Julia Mary, d. John Henry Travers, of Tooting, London." Now it would remain a dream.

She looked at Dick Norton, shrugged her shoulders and smiled. But he did not smile back, and she realised why.

After all, if Ronnie had walked out on her, she had most emphatically walked out on Dick. In a fashion, even worse, for Ronnie had at least told her he was going to Pinner to see about a horse. She'd left it to May to tell Dick.

"I hope you've enjoyed your slumming trip," Dick said. "I'll say one thing for you—you're tougher than your friend. He can't take it."

"We weren't slumming," she said weakly, and turned to watch the dancers.

"You weren't?" He looked at her hard. "All right. I give up. I don't understand it at all, and life's too short to try. If you can wait through a tango and a quickstep and the last waltz, I'll put you into a taxi."

She slipped behind the palms again and waited. Dick was doing extraordinary things with that tango. She watched his hands and his eyes, and wished that they were merry and mocking, like they had been in the Hollywood Snack Bar.

Then Dick came for her, wearing his soft hat and the flapping mackintosh over his dinner jacket.

"Ready?" he asked, and she went with him through the side entrance. It was raining.

"There aren't many taxis round here," he told her. "Where do you want to go?"

"Tooting," Julie said.

"Tooting?" Dick scratched his nose.

"It's a long way. I'd better take a bus."

"Yes," he said, "we'd better take a bus."

He said no more till they were on top of the bus. Then he said, "I thought it would be Belgrave or Mayfair. That fur thing..."

"That fur thing's part of the props," she told him. "They sell them where I work."

"You borrowed it?" He looked at the bolero and added bitterly, "You borrowed it for bait."

"You might say that, but then the fishing didn't seem worth while, after all. Not after this morning."

He said nothing more all the way to her bus stop.

"It's been a long way for you," she said as they turned down a quiet road. "Perhaps you'd like to drop in for a drink? It won't be anything but cocoa. That's what we always have at bedtime."

"Some other night," he said. "Perhaps on Sunday. I could get somebody to play at Eversong. We could go to Kew. Yes, we could go to Kew, and I could drop in afterwards. You'd like that?"

"I'd like that," she said.

And suddenly she realised how very much she would like it.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—February 21, 1948



# A THOUSAND LOOKED ON

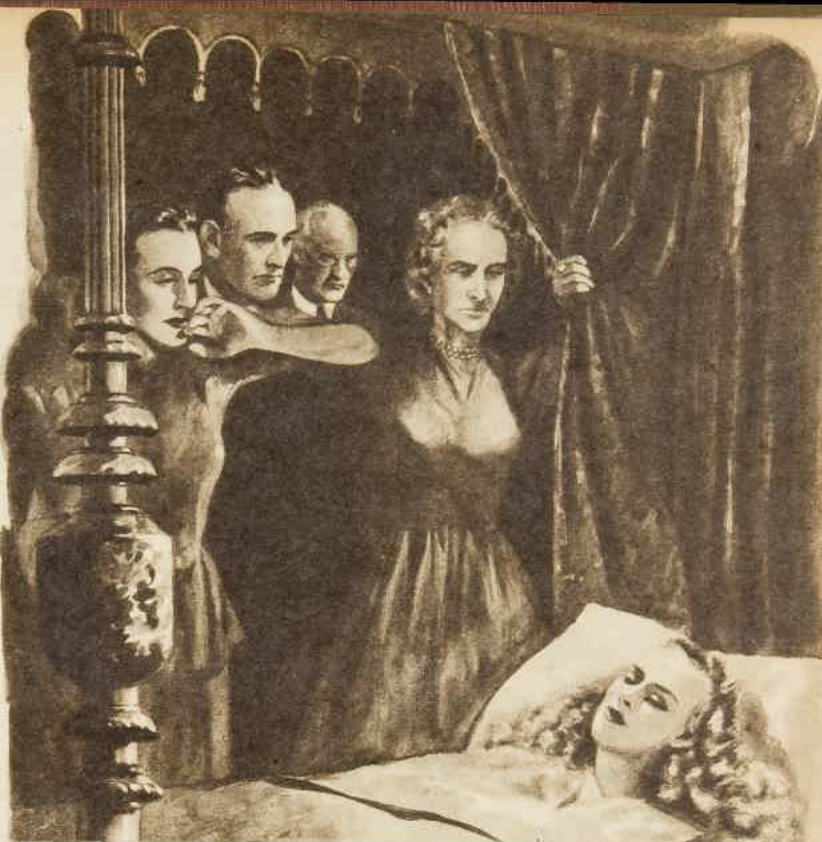
INSPECTOR GORMLEY is investigating the sensational murder of an unknown man on the stage of the Colona Theatre during an act by the mesmerist, HERMAN FLAXMAN. Colona personnel include knife-thrower PEDRO ALVINADO and his flirtatious wife, ROSA; RANDLE, the manager; COURTENAY, the conductor; JOE PAROTTI, parrot trainer; and HARRY BUNCE, stage carpenter.

Questioning them, Gormley brings to light suspicious and conflicting details, while the murder weapon is identified as a knife that Alvinado had given to BOB STRUTHERS, tap-dancer due to appear at the Colona shortly with his partner, JANIE DORAN.

Also associated with the case is impoverished actor EGAN CRANE, half-brother to Bunce. Crane, just returned from America, planned to expose Flaxman as an impostor on learning from Bunce and his wife HETTY that their wealthy sister, ex-actress MIRIAM LINDEL, is strongly under the mesmerist's influence.

He was foiled, however, by the occurrence of the murder, and a visit to Miriam next day is filled with irritating distractions, including the surly behaviour of Miriam's servant, DUGALD; the presence of Flaxman, Janie, and Bob as honored guests; and the arrival of Inspector Gormley pursuing his investigations.

Gormley later leaves to return to the Colona Theatre. Now read on:



"I thought it was real!" Crane exclaimed, looking down in astonishment at the waxen image.

JANIE and Bob snatched a few moments alone before they went in to tea with Mrs. Lindel. Gormley, Janie insisted, was on their side. He was on anyone's side, provided they were innocent.

She kept repeating this to Bob as together they went carefully through the latter's movements from the time they had met Mrs. Lindel in the Gardens till their arrival at her home after the theatre on the previous evening.

The girl had written it all down, sometimes against Bob's will, particularly the conversation he had overheard between Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman and Harry Bunce in the mesmerist's dressing-room. Janie had been insistent on detail.

"I think," she said, "we should put down everything, and that means everything. Now, Mr. Struthers, you said Alvinado was watching when his wife passed Courtenay on the stairs. What was it she said to Courtenay?"

"Something about 'the war,' I think and marching. I only got it indistinctly."

Janie wrote down: "Rosa said something about a war and—"

Bob interrupted. "No, it doesn't sound right that way. Let me think. I know. I thought he said 'this war,' with a sort of question mark at the end. And then, 'the march.' It couldn't have been that, but that's how it sounded. Maybe we shouldn't put it down."

"We'll put everything down," Janie said, firmly, writing steadily, "but we'll say it only sounded like these words."

Bob said: "Those things don't seem important to me. The only thing that counts is what happened when I went backstage to see if the doorkeeper had wrapped up the knife for me."

"Well, what did happen exactly?" "Just what I told you and Mr. Gormley."

"I bet it wasn't," Janie said, and laughed at his shocked look. "I bet you've left something out. What you told Mr. Gormley about stopping to fix your shoelace, for instance. Where was it?"

Bob thought a moment. He said: "I rested my foot on the ledge of a shop window."

"The shop was closed?" "No, it wasn't," he said. "It was that candy shop on the corner. I fixed it there because it was light."

"There you are, young man," Janie said. "It's women like me that keep men like you out of the dock. That Inspector had some doubts about your old shoelace."

He looked at her, surprised: "Why?"

"Why, my lad, because it sounded phoney."

"But," he protested, "it was true." He thrust out a leg, hitching the trousers. "The face is broken." She shook her head slowly. "Don't you see, you poor lamb," she said.

"That makes it worse. You could have faked that—just to give a reason for being away backstage longer than you expected."

"Gormley wouldn't think that."

"Wouldn't he? I bet policemen have some nasty thoughts at times."

"But you said he was on our side."

"So he is," Janie said promptly, "but he's not to weigh evidence. Now about this shop? Could anyone inside there see you?"

"Perhaps," he told her, "I never thought about it."

She wrote: "Mr. G. could ask people in shop did they see nice redheaded lad mending shoelace on window ledge." She looked up, pencil poised. "Now," she said, "shut your eyes and think. You're at the stage door. What do you see? No, don't open your eyes. Think."

Obedient, after a moment he said: "I stepped inside the door and said: 'Got my knife, Charlie?'"

"And then?"

Still with his eyes closed, he said: "I saw he was using the phone."

"Didn't he see you, or answer?"

"No, he's a bit deaf, remember. He's got his phone in a little cupboard affair."

She said: "Keep your eyes closed. Remember you're at the stage door. Bob, Charlie's talking on the phone. What do you hear?"

He looked up, snapping his fingers. "I got it, Janie. The old boy was talking to some dame called Hope. Millicent Hope. He musta been writing it down. He said, sorta angry: 'Yes, yes. I got it on my pad. Millicent Hope. M for Merchant, I for Iago.' That decided me not to wait. It looked like he'd be all night."

When Janie had got it down, he said: "I still don't see how it helps."

"Neither do I," Janie said, frankly, "but Gormley said 'put in everything.' She said suddenly: 'Of course, don't you see? Old Charlie will remember what he said. You couldn't have known what he said if you weren't there.'"

"That's right," Bob was quite enthusiastic. "Gee, Janie, you're a wonder. I'd never a thought of it."

She kissed him lightly on the lips, and just then Dugald appeared to summon them to Mrs. Lindel's presence.

Tea with Mrs. Lindel was a spill-over from lunch. Janie helped Dugald wheel in the loaded tray-noble, Bob following a little sheepishly.

Miriam and Egan Crane were sitting in the alcove, and the latter looked down, frowning, but Mrs. Lindel called: "That's sweet of you, Janie. Come up and talk to me, Mr. Struthers."

She turned to her brother. "Poor Dugald seldom gets any help. I don't know what I'd do without him."

"But," Crane said, "surely you can get other servants."

She shook her hand at him frowning, her fingers to her lips. "Dugald isn't a servant," she whispered.

"No?" Crane looked frankly surprised.

"He is certainly devoted to you, Mrs. Lindel," Bob said.

She smiled at him, putting out a hand and touching his sleeve familiarly, and glanced down into the room where Janie was laughing lightly at some little mishap.

"Dear old Dugald," she said, and Crane frowned again. He'd had his feelings, but was loth to leave such a good wicket. He resented the intrusion of these youngsters, and he didn't like the way Miriam was speaking of the old dodderer.

"Dugald has made me very happy to-day," Mrs. Lindel continued, in an intimate tone. "Happier than I have been for a long, long time." The clatter of spoons on cups came from below and again Janie's lovely young laugh. She went on: "I think he is happier, too."

Crane's face flushed at her frankness and he glanced uneasily at Janie, hoping the ages hadn't registered with her, and passed the young fellow, she was ambling round with would forget.

Miriam had missed nothing of his uneasiness, and seemed about to speak. At that moment, however, Dugald called: "O.K., you lot, come and get it." Miriam rose at once, taking Bob's arm.

They sat down to the meal, Dugald with them, and Janie poured the tea. Her face was a little flushed, and her eyes sparkled. Bob, watching her, thought she looked prettier than ever.

After the meal Mrs. Lindel smoked a cigarette, then, stubbing it, she said: "Dugald, I'm going to break a rule. We're going into the theatre."

He looked startled. "The theatre? Now?"

She said: "Yes, now. Two nice things have happened to me to-day. I've met Janie"—she took the girl's hand. "It's done something to me having someone young, lively and lovely about me."

"I look forward to it, Miriam. You

have me intrigued. I remember once—"

He didn't know it but that "I remember once" had begun to get on Mrs. Lindel's nerves. She had used the phrase so many times herself. She was in high spirits telling little anecdotes of early life on the goldfields and of the stage in the days when she was one of its ornaments.

"And I was a nice-looking girl, wasn't I, Dugald?" she called to the old man who was shuffling about in the room below.

"I think I may answer that," Crane put in. "You were the—"

Mrs. Lindel restrained him, holding up her hand in a way he found exasperating. She repeated, coolly: "Wasn't I, Dugald?"

The old man chuckled. "Prettiest girl I ever seen," he agreed.

Crane, determined to be in it, added his quota. "You're still a beautiful woman, Miriam."

"Oh, no I'm not," she retorted at once. "I'm seventy-two. That's ten years older than you. No matter how much I try I can't fool anybody."

Crane's face flushed at her frankness and he glanced uneasily at Janie, hoping the ages hadn't registered with her, and passed the young fellow, she was ambling round with would forget.

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"I look forward to it, Miriam. You

She rose and went round the table and stood behind Dugald, resting her hands on his shoulders. "The other nice thing is Dugald's gift. It's by birthday, you see. Only Dugald remembered."

Crane started up. "Why, Miriam, dear girl—"

"Now, Toby," she said, "don't start apologising." She smiled maliciously. "I promise I won't remember yours."

Bob murmured: "We didn't know."

"How could you?" Mrs. Lindel asked. "Anyway, you coming up here like you did was the nicest thing. But you shall all see Dugald's wonderful gift."

Arm in arm with the old man she walked towards the door, with a gesture inviting Bob and Janie to accompany her. Over her shoulder she called, "You come, too, Toby, if you like." Crane didn't relish the phrasing.

For the second time that day he passed through the padded door leading to the little theatre. There was only meagre light, but Miriam walked up the steps easily, as if long accustomed, and Bob and Janie followed.

Crane had endeavored to pass them, but the stairs were narrow, and he found himself last of the party to reach the wings.

As they stepped on the stage Mrs. Lindel, without turning, flung up restraining arms and cried: "Hush! Walt!"

In the dimness they saw her walk slowly forward till her gown became a darker shadow melting into the further gloom. Somewhere, in the direction she had vanished, Crane knew from what he had seen before, was Desdemona's canopied bed.

There was silence, then at length Mrs. Lindel's voice came from the darkness. "Come a little nearer, please." Without speaking they closed in until she directed them. "That will do."

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The Australian Women's Weekly — February 21, 1948

Your choice — TEK Three-Row or TEK Two-Row Professional — 1/6½ — TEK — the best toothbrush money can buy.





## So tailored! So pretty!

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Our fourth PRINCESS OF THE NIGHT is lovely Audrey Smith, crowned Queen of the Services, wearing Bond's rayon locknit slip appliqued in satin. This is No. 4 in a series of five portraits by the famous young Australian Artist, Loudon Sainthill, and inspired by Bond's Tru-Size "Underlovelies".



Bond's TRU-SIZE "Underlovelies"



# ALL THE EYES THAT MATTER

By  
**EDMUND  
WARE**



*Almost at once I perceive that the clinical thermometer is a device of evil.*

IT is a day in spring vacation, and our three children, abruptly checked in their games of violence and all other fiendish enterprise, are laid low with the grippie.

I am enchanted by the peace that descends, while inwardly I pardon the children from sentences I have savagely imposed upon them for their crimes against tranquillity, especially mine.

No longer do they assault my study door, or bargain to go far from me to a neighbor's on receipt of moneys for the purchase of sweetmeats; or, in the case of the older boy, in exchange for the use of the car, which, as yet, he is unlicensed to drive.

My children no longer slam doors, or give forth stricken outcries, or beat upon the walls with bludgeons. They simply lie in bed, and my great love for them wells up and disarms me.

"Isn't it a job—caring for them?" I ask my wife.

"No, dear. They're angelic. Just go right on with your work."

Thus lulled, I labor blissfully till eventide on the following day, when my wife gazes upon me with feverishly burning eyes and remarks, "I'm afraid I've got it, too."

"Go straight to bed," I admonish her. "Just forget everything. I'll take complete charge."

"But your work?"

"What work? This is my work!"

In a crisis of this type, the female is rumored to smile loftily, as—when fully recovered—she recounts the inefficiency of the male in the home.

Now, taking the situation in hand, I resolve to demonstrate, not only the talent of the male, but the love of a husband and father for his wife and children.

I report to the children: "Mother is sick. I have sent her to bed. I am going to take care of all of you."

To this simple and heartfelt statement the littlest one replies to me with tears of apprehension, shed largely in his own cause. The second eldest, the girl-child, remarks, "I advise you to call Mrs. Olearczo at once."

Mrs. Olearczo is the splendid Polish woman who comes once a week to clean, and I explain gently to my girl-child that Mrs. Olearczo will come on her regular day, which is Thursday.

My elder boy turns his face to the wall and croaks, "Okay, Dad."

in a tone clearly indicating martyrdom for days to come.

As I tiptoe to the kitchen to reconnoitre for the evening meal, my wife calls in a small voice to inquire if I have taken the children's temperatures, and straightway thereafter I am brought face to face with the clinical thermometer.

Almost at once I perceive that the clinical thermometer is a device of evil, and that its purpose is to tell a father anything but the temperatures of his children.

The clinical thermometer is an invention in glass, on which are insidious markings, including a small arrow that points nowhere but is possibly designed to indicate the direction of the magnetic north. The entire instrument is hollowed to admit a column of most uncooperative mercury.

Returning the thermometer to its lair of cotton-wool, I report the children's readings to my wife, who seems strangely mystified by my findings and quickly changes the subject to the preparation of meals.

It seems that the service is to be a la carte, and I prepare eggs in several individual styles, and as many styles of potatoes and green vegetables, so that in the kitchen there are a dark blend of odors and a mounting number of saucepans in the sink.

But I am not alarmed, for on Thursday Mrs. Olearczo will come, and I promise inwardly to contribute at that time, or before, to the Polish relief.

I have presently a suspicion that the first meal is not wholly successful, for two of the children gain entrance to their mother's room on pretext of going to the bathroom, and I hear their voices in furtive protest. I cannot hear what is being said, except that they no longer refer to me as "Daddy," but in low-toned complaint as "he."

Far from being hurt by the injustice of this attitude, I resolve to excel in all departments next day.

In the morning, therefore, with a light heart, I change the linen on all sickbeds. My daughter watches me, and I am touched by her semblance of awe.

"You didn't think I knew how to make a bed with hospital corners, did you, dear?" I ask her.

"You don't," she replies. "And besides, the wide hem goes at the head."

On the second day, or possibly it is even the third, I institute a systematic variation in china, in order to make meals, hence life, less boring to the sick, and also—in part—because I am running low on the regular dishes.

As I serve my son's noonday meal, I graciously indicate the originality of the plate design. "These dishes," I tell him, "were a Christmas present from your Aunt Agnes."

"I know it," he remarks distastefully. "She's a weird old dame. She's a crump."

I am not familiar with the epithet "crump," and I refrain from telling my son that his aunt, my sister, far from being old, is actually four years younger than I.

Somewhat later this day, the littlest one, who is five, demands a certain flavor of nose drops, of which the cabinet is bare.

In my zeal to please, I gird myself for a journey to the apothecary, but at the front door am halted in my tracks by accusations of flendishness and desertion, voiced by my daughter in this manner: "Are you the kind of father who would leave his children and their mother alone in the house—sick?"

HER vocabulary amazes me and I am crushed by her tone. My explanation of leave-taking proves inadequate, and my daughter sorrowfully turns up her radio to the extremity of its volume, and the house thunders, and I depart to buy not only nose drops but a quantity of ice-cream, which in due course I serve as an offering of goodwill.

On receiving her share of the blandishments, my daughter skewers me with a dart from her immense eyes, saying, "No chocolate sauce!"

On this night the children enter into what at first seems a competition in new symptoms, my larger son complaining of a strange burning sensation in his toenails, the littlest one proclaiming that his teeth itch, and my daughter winning by a neck, which makes noises at the slightest bending.

I endeavor to treat these matters lightly, but apprehension filters in, spreads rapidly, and becomes terror. I decide to call Dr. Caldwell, but dare not, for one or more of the children are certain to sneak from their beds and listen in on the other phone.

So I go in stealth to my wife's

side and tell her of the fearful turn things have taken, and I am perplexed and somehow embittered by her reply, which is: "Dear, I think it would be wise to let the children get up for an hour to-morrow. I don't want them to get too weak."

"They do not seem to be so very weak," I answer.

"What are their temperatures to-night?"

"All ninety-four again," I inform her, and she responds in a tone shadowed by derision: "They seem to be regular, to say the least. How are you feeling?"

"I'm fine," I tell her. "Mrs. Olearczo is coming to-morrow."

But in the morning at an early hour I am wrenched from sleep by the ringing of the telephone.

It is Mrs. Olearczo, who says in a reinforced way that she will not come, because she has heard of the pestilence that is raging in our home, and I reply stiffly that her dereliction is all right with me, as we are doing splendidly without her.

Soon after a certain breakfast—it is by now probably the fifth day, and I am well into the ancestral gold service—there comes a groan from my older son's room, and I hasten to his side, and in broken tones he says, "There isn't a single interesting book in your whole library—not one!"

I suggest a number of titles, all sibilant with the promise of adventure and bloodshed but he will have none of them and upbraids me for not having better books, and an hour later I find him happily engrossed in a work of his own inexplicable choosing, entitled: "Diseases of the Horse."

It is slowly dawning upon me that my children do not trust me or want me round, but neither will they let me depart, preferring to toss me hither and yon like a sack engaged by relentless puppies.

They cheer with delight when I am squirted in the eye with the juice of a grapefruit I am preparing for their sustenance, and they report at intervals to their mother, heaping calumny upon my head, as follows: "He forgot to put napkins on our trays" and, "We have begged him for paper handkerchiefs, and he deliberately du-privs us of them," and, "He is eating all the butter himself."

DEMANDS increase as they convalesce, and tempers likewise. I am ordered to read to them aloud, individually; not only by day but by night, and for me there shall be no sleep.

In my fatigue I become confused, so that by some error in taking a book from the shelves, I find myself reading to my older son from "The Science of Human Reproduction," and am no less amazed at the discovery than at my son's comment, which is: "I read that book years ago, Dad—and it's dated stuff."

I wander off into the kitchen, and there I am alone against a sink steeped with dishes, and the garbage receptacle runneth over, while in the laundry the soiled linen looms ghostlike.

Next, with hands wet from an attempt to clear a plugged drain, I touch a light switch, and am nearly electrocuted, and cry out in anguish, which evokes from my children a bright avalanche of laughter, but little if any sympathy.

I am by now out of butter, rice cereal, and fortitude. I am lacerated about the fingers from slicing vegetables, and am burned here and there from cooking them.

But I regard lightly these wounds of the flesh in view of deeper wounds to the spirit, particularly as, on opening the refrigerator, I discover the little one's hot-water bottle, which he has secretly hidden there, and it is now frozen stiff.

I let out a snarl of hatred, which brings the children running, as though to witness some higher entertainment. I turn from them and stalk into their mother's room, and they follow at my heels.

"What is the matter, dear?" my wife asks.

"Charles put his hot-water bottle in the icebox."

"I wanted to cool it," asserts Charles.

"That's logical, darling," says mother.

I realise now that they are all arrayed against me, and I utter a number of unfinished sentences, the central theme of which is gratitude and its absence, and my wife arises purposefully from her bed, saying: "Where is the thermometer? Daddy is not well."

A strange and mystic change comes upon the children, and they flee as one in search of the thermometer, squabbling as to who shall bear it to their mother's hands.

My daughter is the winner, and while the instrument is in my mouth, thwarting all attempts at speech, my daughter is masterfully divesting me of my garments, and the little one joins with her to untie my shoelaces, and my elder son brings me a pair of my own clean pyjamas, saying: "Here, Dad—I won't need them."

They all look on in silent worship while their mother assumes command of me, whisking the clinical thermometer from my lips and reading it with a glance practically off-hand.

"What's the score?" I inquire. She hesitates a moment, and her eyes are downcast, as elusively she answers: "Ninety-four. Get into bed, dear."

It is obvious to me from my temperature that I have at last succumbed, and suddenly there is a sweet awareness of pain in all my bones, and the promise of imminent and unlimited rest. As I topple into bed there comes peace and a termination of all wrath and responsibility.

The children stand reverently at my bedside, and the little one cranes forward to kiss me delicately on the ear, and while the eldest one dashes off in search of cigarettes and ashtrays, my daughter lays her hand upon my brow, and I am enraptured.

Presently my wife comes gliding in with a towel and a bottle of methylated spirit and, with the assistance of the children, I am carefully rolled over, and my wife is laying my back with a sure hand, and my spine is aglow with pleasure.

If she would but rub a little higher, to a point below my right shoulderblade, this, indeed, were Paradise now, for I am the cynosure at last of all the eyes that matter.

(Copyright)





*For Purity of Tone*



QUALITY RADIO



# THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD

**L**ATHROP BISHOP was in a bad mood. The most beautiful girls in the world passed his desk daily, and frankly he was sick of it. He hated luscious redheads, could not stand exotic brunettes, and he loathed blondes!

The buzzer on his desk rang twice, meaning that another candidate was waiting in the outer office to be looked over by Lathrop's expert, though jaded, eye.

"Oh, all right," he groaned to himself. "Come in, you up-do and oversized mouth!"

He opened the door and went back to his desk. He gazed gloomily out of the window, the exact length of time he knew by experience it took a long-legged girl to walk in and stand in front of his desk.

Then he brought his glance around to exactly five feet eight inches above the floor, which usually brought him eye to eye with the hopeful, would-be model. To his surprise, his gaze met thin air.

He readjusted his view and focused on a mass of fawn-colored short hair, then a pair of grey eyes, a stubborn chin, and downward to the muddy goloshes, dripping on his thick blue carpet.

"So," began Lathrop, mechanically, "you want to be a model!"

The girl opened her mouth to speak but Lathrop cut in brusquely.

"Walk," he ordered. "Walk over there and back."

She obeyed him, and Lathrop cringed at the flapping goloshes . . . muddy, too.

When she returned to his desk he began: "Why does every woman want to be a model? Why? Because she thinks the life of a model is all night-dresses, mink coats, and magazine covers. So what does she do? She leaves her home town, her nice job, and comes here. She comes to me and says, 'Mr. Bishop, I want to work for you.'"

He waved wearily. "My advice to you is to go back to your job and forget the glamor. You just don't have what it takes."

A dull red flush spread over the stubborn chin and up to the grey eyes. "Mr. Bishop . . ." she tried again. "I want to talk to you. You see—"

"That will be all," he cut in. He rang for his secretary. "My secretary will show you out. And," he reminded her, "don't forget my lecture . . . forget the glamor."

The girl walked towards the door. There she turned suddenly and stamped her foot.

"You," she cried, "are the most conceited, unpleasant, and bad-mannered man I have ever met!"

Then she walked out haughtily . . . as haughtily as one can walk in muddy goloshes.

Lathrop stared at the door for a moment. In his seven years as model mogul of the country, no rejected candidate had had the spirit to defy him. He was amused . . . and very tired.

Funny about Mr. Bishop. A man as good-looking as he was . . . a man who saw as many beautiful women as he saw . . . should be married. But Lathrop was a bachelor, though on the highly eligible list of every beauty in town.

He was glad he was going to the country for two weeks . . . two weeks away from his office . . . two weeks of being plain, average-citizen Lathrop Bishop.

Smiling to himself, he pictured his country place . . . a quiet retreat, surrounded by acres of grounds and at least ten miles from civilization . . . namely, the village of Janesville. It was a new place. In fact, he had just bought it the other day.

The very thought of his vacation made him feel good. He needed a

rest . . . and, in addition, he reflected, he needed peace to write his new article: "What makes a woman beautiful?"

What does make a woman beautiful? he asked himself over and over on his way to Janesville the following Saturday morning. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," he answered vaguely. A thing of beauty . . . a woman of beauty . . . should quicken one's heart, stimulate one's imagination.

Yet his models, the most beautiful girls in the world by everyone's admission, did not do those things to Lath.

He stopped at Janesville and purchased some provisions, then turned up the gravel road which led to the small dirt road running deep into the woods. Bit by bit he found himself relaxing. Here was real beauty . . . greenness, silence, solitude.

Just in time he saw the barbed-wire fence stretching across the road, and pulled the car to a stop with a grinding screech.

Lath sat and gazed at the fence for perhaps five minutes in utter frustration. It was a new fence, he knew that. It hadn't been there when he bought the property two weeks before.

**By ESTHER CARLSON**

He backed down the road, manoeuvred into a lane reaching up to another house, and drove back to Janesville, where he invested in a new pair of wire-cutters. He was busy cutting the fence when the girl rode up on horseback.

"Hey," she called, "what are you doing?"

"Cutting the fence," said Lath calmly, looking up at her. The girl looked familiar, though he didn't know why.

"Better stop," she returned coldly.

"That's my fence."

Lath glared, surprised and angry at the same time. "And this is my road!"

"Oh, no," said the girl. "This is my road, Mr. Lathrop Bishop!"

The voice touched a chord of memory in Lath.

"You!" He stopped and stared in spite of himself. There was the same unruly mass of fawn-colored hair . . . the same grey eyes, the stubborn chin. No goloshes this time, though. He was grateful for that.

She smiled imperiously. "Yes . . . me. You didn't seem interested in the road the last time I saw you, so I blocked it off. You're trespassing, you know."

"Look here," said Lath. "If you came to me on business, why didn't you say so?"

"I tried," she retorted angrily, "but apparently I didn't have what it takes."

"I bought that house," Lath chose to ignore her sarcasm, "and I have every legal right to use the road. He went on cutting the fence."

"Really?" said the girl coldly, turning her horse. "We'll see about that." She galloped off without giving Lath a chance to reply.

Lath returned to his car and drove through the severed fence. "Fine neighbors," he muttered to himself.

It was true. Miss Lucy Benedict (that was her name) did own the road . . . and had a perfect right to put a fence across it. The agent was apologetic.

"Why," he said, "there's never been any trouble like this before. Lucy's always made arrangements with her neighbors as to upkeep and the like. I can't understand it," he added ruefully. "Lucy's the sweetest, nicest girl in these parts."

"Is she?" Lath said, his eyebrows raised.

The agent shook his head. "If I were you," he advised, "I'd get on the good side of her."

Lath decided to call on Miss Lucy Benedict with contrition in his words, if not in his heart. The lane on which he had turned that morning led to the Benedict home, and Lath advanced to battle armed with an engaging smile and an armful of roses.

He bowed low and proffered the roses when she opened the door.

"Miss Benedict, I believe," he said. "May I talk with you?"

She let him wait a full minute before replying, and Lath had a chance to look at her. She was dressed in riding-pants and a faded blue shirt. Her face was smudged and her hands were grimy.

Lath, used to flawless toilettes—perfect grooming—found this disarray unusual, and even attractive.

"Why?" she asked finally.

"Because," said Lath, "I have done you an injustice. You came to ask me about the road. I, by mistake, treated you as another candidate for a job. I was tired and my manners were terrible, I apologise."

She began to warm up a little. Lath could tell. It had something to do with a softening of the lips, a light in the eyes.

"Well," she said slowly, "if you really want to talk business that way . . ."

"Oh, I do," said Lath. They sat down on the porch, as neighbors should.

"We've got to do something about the road this year," she said. "When it rains . . ."

"Hm, hm, muddy," Lath remembered the muddy goloshes.

"Yes," she said. "In fact, the day I came in to see you the car got stuck and I had a whale of a time getting it out. That's why . . ."

"You tracked up my carpet," Lath finished with a smile. "You know," he went on, suddenly enthusiastic for no reason at all except that he found himself liking Lucy, "I should have guessed you weren't a model . . . why, you're not beautiful like the others, you're . . ."

A stinging slap checked his sentence, and Lucy stood up, her eyes blazing.

"I know I'm not beautiful," she said through her teeth, "so why do you have to go out of your way twice to tell me? Now, as far as I'm concerned, you'll never use my road again. I'll put you in gaol for trespassing." For emphasis she threw the roses in his face and stomped into the house.

Now I've done it, thought Lath. How could he explain he was really paying her a compliment by saying she wasn't beautiful like the others?

How could he explain she had something . . . whatever it was . . . the others lacked? He gave up. This was war.

That night he called his lawyer.

"Ben," he said. "Find out everything you can about the Benedict estate. I'm going to get that road if I have to buy the whole country."

"Why not sue her?" asked Ben naively.

"Because," said Lath, "revenge is sweet."

Then he sat down to work on his article: "What Makes a Woman Beautiful?"

"A beautiful woman," he wrote, "is the antithesis of a lovely, lifeless china doll. Classic features play a small part in beauty. A truly beautiful woman is a spirited woman, a woman who loves life . . ."

That was it. That's what he



"Are you hurt at all?" Lath asked as he pulled the most unhappy-looking Lucy to her feet.

wanted to say. Lath became excited about his article, and worked upon it far into the night.

In the morning Lath mounted his horse and decided to explore his property. To the north, he knew, it was bounded by a brook; to the east was a field; to the south was a fence, and to the west—he cringed inwardly—was another fence, the one across the road.

He felt an overwhelming anger

toward Miss Lucy Benedict. Why were women in general so irritating?

He was thinking of Lucy when he saw her, riding through the trees, on his side of the brook. He twisted his horse through the brush and caught up with her.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly. "I hate to mention this, but you are trespassing on my land."

Please turn to page 22





### She's discovered gold

Beneath a glamorous cotton are priceless nylons in the new gold colour. Lux your stockings after every wearing—nylons, silks and rayons. Tests prove stockings last twice as long if given gentle Lux care.

### Grandmama's lace insertion

... for girls who don't like undies too fussed up. A nightly Lux dip whisks out the left-in perspiration that fades colours—ruins delicate fabrics. Keeps undies freesia-fresh.



### White Goddess

Jersey cut by a master hand—hip monogram. Don't spoil this romantic beauty by bar-soap rubbing. Keep all your pretty things like new with Lux.

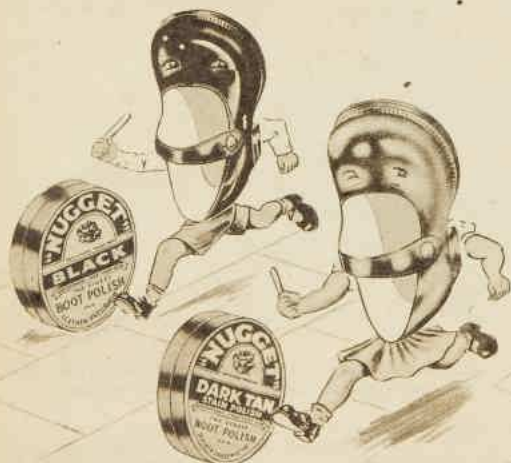
by



That smart look it's the Lux Look

UJ58.02g

## The daily dose of NUGGET does it!



Keeps them bright...

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NUGGET SHOE POLISH — AVAILABLE IN BLACK, TAN, DARK TAN, LIGHT TAN, BLUE, NIGGER BROWN AND MILITARY TAN. ALSO NUGGET WHITE CLEANER IN BOTTLES AND TUBES

## A Thousand Looked On

Continued from page 5

IN a moment a faint rustling broke the stillness, as Mrs. Lindel pulled aside the bed curtains.

Janie gasped. Just as Egan Crane had declared a girl lay sleeping there. A light, cunningly placed, hidden in the folds of the high canopy, picked out the features framed in flowing golden hair.

Mrs. Lindel's voice whispered in the darkness:

"Kill me to-morrow. Let me live to-night," and, after a little pause: "Oh, falsely, falsely murdered."

Crane couldn't let an opportunity like that pass. The words sprang readily to his lips:

"Why, how should she be murdered?" but before he had more than begun, Dugald had stifled him with a loud "Sh-h."

Mrs. Lindel called softly, "Janie," and as the girl joined her by the bedside, took her hand. "Look, my dear, Dugald's birthday present."

Janie said, "Why, Mrs. Lindel it's you! It's beautiful."

"It was me," Mrs. Lindel said. "Features don't change much, and Dugald remembers so well, don't you, Dugald?"

Dugald said gruffly: "No need to answer that, Miriam."

"Come here all of you," Mrs. Lindel called. The finger with the ring set with the tiny gold nugget pointed to the figure on the bed. "Toby, did I not tell you that Dugald was an artist?"

Crane exclaimed aloud in honest astonishment. "I thought it was real," he declared.

Mrs. Lindel's eyes were staring wistfully at the waxen figure. She squeezed Janie's fingers. "I was beautiful, wasn't I?" she murmured.

Then her two arms went around Dugald's shoulders and she had kissed him full on the lips. "Thank you, Dugald. I know why you did it. You thought it would help bring him back, didn't you?"

The old man shuffled uneasily and slowly pulled the curtains about the bed, hiding his masterpiece.

Back in her room Miriam said to Crane, half maliciously: "You didn't expect it of Dugald, did you, Toby?" and went on brightly: "He shall make a mask of you, Toby. And of Harry, of course. I should like to have them. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Toby?"

She turned to Dugald. "You won't mind, will you? Say Wednesday morning. That's Harry's day off."

"Why should I mind?" Dugald said indifferently.

Crane hid the distaste he felt by a show of heartiness. "Well," he exclaimed, "Egan Crane may yet achieve a niche in the waxworks."

In his office, Inspector Gormley was speaking on the telephone to a journalist friend. "Listen, Dick," he said. "Dig into the dustbin for me. I want to know something about Miriam Lindel."

"The old actress? What d'you want to know?"

"Anything you can tell me."

"Well, she's been out of the game for ages. Rather a queer set-up. She's built herself a theatre of sorts alongside her house, but no one's ever seen a show there. It's a local rumor she acts Ophelia to some ghostly Hamlet. She's got oodles of money."

"From acting?"

"No. As far as I can gather she was no great genius. Good looker though. But she never did much after her husband died. Bad luck that was. He died broke and left her a fortune."

"Go on. I want it all."

"It was in the Western Australia goldrush days, the middle or late 'nineties. He was acting—Shakespeare, if you can believe me—but he got the gold bug and pegged out a small claim with a partner. It looked like a dud, and Lindel went

out prospecting on his own. He got lost and died of thirst."

"They were just getting up a subscription for the widow when her husband's old partner turned up with the glad news that he'd had another poke round the original claim and it was a bonanza."

"Do you know what happened?"

"I think a company bought 'em out. I could find out about that. Anything else?"

"Yes," Gormley said. "Take a look at the Colona bill this week. Let's know if you can recall anything unusual about any of the acts."

"Hang on," Dick said, "while I look at the ad." After a bit he said: "Flaxman's been playing in the other States in vaudeville. In Western Australia he was doing a complete show on his own. Any good?"

"Helpful," Gormley said, non-committally. "Where in the West? Just Perth?"

"No, he did the goldfields—Kalgoorlie, anyway."

"How could he do a whole show? They tell me at the Colona his act lasts only forty minutes."

Dick Connell said: "His wife sings and he had one or two people with him. Flaxman's a trouper. His father was a great old-timer, and when he died the boy took over his act. He's pretty versatile, I think he did a few bits and pieces beside the hypnotism."

His voice blurred away from the phone as he went on reading the names. "Parotti—he's an old-timer, too. Trapeze artist till his partner let him down." He gave a sardonic chuckle.

"Let him down is right," he said. "He came on the act sozzled and missed gripping Parotti's hand. The poor blighter fell badly. Put him right out of the game."

"Don't tell me Parotti carries a grudge?" Gormley said.

"You ask him," Connell said. "I can't imagine what Parotti wouldn't do to that fellow—can't think of his name."

Gormley said, "You'll break my heart, Dick, if you tell me the accident happened in Western Australia."

"How'd you guess? As a matter of fact it was—Kalgoorlie."

"Can you link up Parotti's partner in any way with Mrs. Lindel?"

After a while Connell said slowly: "No, I don't think—wait a bit though. She's got a kink, you know, for helping pro's. I remember him telling me—"

"Telling you?" Gormley shouted, and then quietly: "Do you like looking at pretty pictures?"

"There a dame at the Colona—Rosa Alvinado. I'll squeeze her into a double column any time she calls in person."

"Never mind about dames," Gormley said. "This is a picture of a dead man. If you've still got a hat put it on and nip round here at once."

Connell whistled softly, but when he spoke into the phone Gormley had rung off.

Later, in the detective's office, the journalist examined the large photos of the man who had been killed at the Colona.

"It just might be," he said. "I wouldn't go further than that. It's years ago, Gormley, and I didn't know him well. Took a sort of professional interest. Sub-consciously, I thought old Parotti would one day get one of his parrots to give him a poisoned bite."

He stopped. "I say, Gormley, you're not pinning this Colona affair on to old Joe—seriously?"

"Why not?" Gormley said, grimly. "Someone did it."

"Yes—but," Connell took another look at the pictures. "Now I know what you're thinking I've got to be careful." He scrutinised the pic-

tures again, examining them one after the other.

"I can't go any further," he said at length. "It just might be. That's all I can say."

Gormley put the pictures away. "One more thing, Dick. Know a chap called Harry Bunce?"

The journalist nodded. "He's prop at the Colona. Hey—I never thought of it when you were on the phone, but he's a brother of the Lindel woman."

"Half-brother."

"Is that it? But everyone knows that story."

"I don't," Gormley said.

"You don't? Well, Bunce was on his way from America when the vessel was wrecked—fire at sea, or something. Anyway, only one boat-load got away from the ship, and Bunce was the only survivor. The rest died of thirst."

"When his name was published here the old girl sent him a dramatic wire: 'If you're a brother of Miriam Lindel your sister waits with open arms.' Just the stuff the newsboys love. Well, it was her brother all right."

The journalist grinned. "We ran quite an affecting story. Picture of the meeting in her garden at Parramatta. Throwing her arms round his neck. She arranged the pose."

"She's still got a flair for dramatic effect."

"You've never loses it."

"I think you're right. They're a queer bunch," Gormley raised quizzical eyebrows. "D'you think they're human?"

"Only half," Connell said.

At the Colona Theatre Gormley said to Flaxman: "I'd be glad if we could have a quiet chat."

"Sure," Flaxman said, and led the way across the stage to the dressing-room stairs. He walked past Rosa Alvinado, who was polishing the gear used in her act. She made a face at his back, but gave Gormley a radiant smile. "Hello, policeman!"

He coped with that by saying: "You go on, Flaxman. I'll only be a moment," and walked across to where Alvinado was doing something with a property door, so intent on the matter in hand that he did not hear him until the detective said: "Hello, Alvinado."

The knife-thrower jumped. "Get away from here," he shouted and, seeing it was Gormley, went on a little less angrily. "You've got no right here—prying. I don't permit it."

Gormley said gravely: "What have you got to hide?"

"Hide?" Alvinado said. "What do you mean? Hide?"

Gormley said: "It doesn't matter. He had seen all he wished. 'I'll see you later.' As he walked off Alvinado waved his hands wildly, pouring out a torrent of excited words in Spanish. His partner shrugged her shoulders, and gestured at the door he was holding in his hands.

"You are crazy," she said. "He is not artist. Who cares?"

"I care," Alvinado shouted. He threw a canvas cover over the door, and, lifting it, carried it upstairs to his dressing-room.

Gormley, in Flaxman's room, sat down and lit a cigarette. He said: "I've been reading up on hypnotism, but there's nothing like talking to an expert. You are an expert, aren't you?"

Flaxman motioned with his cigarette towards a day-bill hanging on the wall. His name was in immense black type. "Fairly obvious, isn't it, old man?"

"I should like to hear you say so," Flaxman examined the tip of his cigarette. He said, carefully: "A great deal of what you see on the stage is hokum." He looked up. "This is in camera, of course?"

Please turn to page 13

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





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*Mary Hordern*

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**M**AKE the skirt and its accompaniments yourself; you will be surprised how easy they are and effective, too. Try it for summer in white pique or striped cotton with a blouse made of two kerchiefs; for a short evening frock in green taffeta or ruby velvet; for winter, in plaid wool or cerise. You can get the patterns for skirt, jacket, lace, and striped blouses from our Fashion Pattern Department, address

on page 39. Ask for Mary Hordern pattern No. F5010, state your bust size. All patterns are in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Price of patterns, complete, 3/6. Green skirt: Requires 1½yds. 54in. or 3½yds. 36in. material. Jacket: Requires 1½yds. 54in. material. Black lace blouse: Requires ½yd. 36in. net and ½yd. 36in. lace. Blouse Lining: Requires ½yd. 36in. material. Striped blouse: Requires 1½yds. 36in. material.



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## Interesting People



MISS MARION ROYCE

responsibility of women

WORLD Y.W.C.A. official visiting here as part of 44 weeks' world tour. Marion Royce is gentle, grey-haired, has soft voice, sympathetic manner. One of eight women at World Headquarters of Y.W.C.A. in Geneva, her special interest is in women in industry, but says: "I am not a feminist. No one can live apart from the community; more can be achieved by people working in groups. Women must face the fact that they are responsible for most changes in the world."



COMMANDER D. KINLOCH

five naval record

DEVELOPMENT secretary of Overseas League, Commander D. C. Kinloch, R.N. (retired), visited Australia recently on way to New Zealand to discuss plans for further development of the League, which has 58,000 members. During war he commanded destroyers, chiefly in Atlantic, Arctic, received D.S.O. for these services. Awarded O.B.E. for his training of officers, he was mentioned in despatches.



MISS BARNEY LALOR

choosing air hostesses

CHOSEN as superintendent hostesses of British Commonwealth Pacific Airlines, Barney Lalor, of N.S.W., is only five feet tall, has blue eyes, with heavy black lashes. She was one of first Australian hostesses to fly Pacific on an Australian airline. Will select 20 other hostesses, between 22-27 years old, weighing not more than 9st. 7lb., educated to intermediate standard at least, not more than 5ft. 7in. tall. Although the posts have not been advertised 123 applications have been received.

## A Thousand Looked On

Continued from page 10

GORMLEY avoided giving a direct answer to the mesmerist's question. "The man Stark," he said, "and the other fellow, Blatt. They are actually hypnotised?"

Flaxman, leaning back, blew a little smoke cloud. "Oh, yes," he said. "They're under all right."

"They would do whatever you told them to do—while they're in this hypnotic state, I mean?"

Flaxman said: "I believe they would."

"You're not sure?"

"Yes," Flaxman said, after a moment's pause. "I am sure. If I told Stark, for instance, to kill a man on the stage during the act he would do it."

"Well," Gormley said, smiling, "that's frank."

"You wanted frankness, I presume?"

"Of course," Gormley looked at a note he'd made on a slip of paper. He said: "Would you agree that an operator could hypnotise a subject, and during the period the subject was in a hypnotic state, give commands designed to take effect after the termination of the hypnosis?"

"For example, if you told Stark while he was hypnotised that at twelve o'clock to-day he should drop whatever he happened to be doing and come into this room and stab the man he found talking to you—would he do it?"

Flaxman laughed. "It would be an interesting experiment. Stark might. It would depend on the character of your subject."

"So that a man—you, for example, could have hypnotised a person at some period during the day to do a certain thing at a certain time, and he would do it?"

Flaxman laughed a little uneasily. "I say," he said, "you're getting rather on the raw, aren't you? Why not ask me straight out whether I arranged a nice little murder for Mr. X and then hypnotised someone to do it for me?"

"All right," Gormley said easily. "I'll ask you. You don't have to answer, you know."

"I don't mind," Flaxman said. He got up and leaned on his chair. "As a matter of fact, I'm rather enjoying this talk. It's nice to ride one's hobby horse."

"You haven't answered my question."

Flaxman threw away his cigarette and began straightening his tie in the mirror. "Oh, that!" he said. "No, I didn't arrange anything like that. I'll be quite definite about it. I did not kill him."

He paused—for effect. Gormley thought, the idea flashing through his mind that all these people were the same. Off or on, they loved the limelight. Flaxman, his hands at his tie, watched his visitor in the mirror.

"No," he repeated, elaborately casual. "I didn't kill him. But I know who did."

"You know who killed him?"

Flaxman turned, shrugging. "An overstatement, perhaps," he said. "I should have said, 'I've a good idea.'"

"I see," Gormley prompted. "We're all alone, you know."

"Oh, I name no names," Flaxman said. "I daresay you've got someone in your mind, too."

Gormley ignored the implication. He said: "Since you have said so much, I think you should be more explicit."

"My dear fellow," Flaxman said. "The chap had a knife in his back. A knife that came from nowhere. A knife that had to travel over a distance. He became slightly contemptuous. 'After all, you're the detective.'"

"You suspect Alvinado?" Gormley asked bluntly.

"If I was in your shoes he'd be my best bet. But I've got no proof, of course."

Gormley laughed a little ruefully. "By the way," he asked, "could you hypnotise me?"

Flaxman eyed him steadily. He said, slowly: "Yes—if you really wished it. I mean, if you were prepared to co-operate."

"And, supposing I was all for it, and while under your influence, you told me to do a murder? Would I?"

"No," the mesmerist said, "you're

not the type. There'll be no scaffold in your family."

"Well, supposing you hypnotised me. The second experiment would not take so long. I mean, the hypnosis would be induced more rapidly? And the third time more rapidly still?"

"Quite so. Stark, for instance, has been hypnotised by me so many times he will now pass from a normal to a hypnotised state if I merely strike a gong."

"What if I struck it?"

Flaxman smiled. "Oh, no," Gormley said, evenly: "Mr. Flaxman, why do you employ convicted thieves in your act?"

Flaxman reddened. "What do you mean by that?"

Gormley said: "For some reason you told me you didn't know the man you sent into the box, but we know him and we know he knows you. As a matter of fact he told us."

Flaxman sat down suddenly. "It was stupid of me," he said. "I suppose I didn't realise that I might be implicated. You're speaking of Hallam, of course."

"We know him as Hatch."

"I didn't know," Flaxman went on. "You've got to realise, Gormley, in this game I can't pick and choose my men. Gentlemen don't take the jobs I offer. Actors are too well-known. I like to get hold of people that even the backstage folk don't know."

"I get you," Gormley said. "So you arranged all that stage business with Hatch, or Hallam as you call him?" He paused. "What about the chap who was killed?"

Flaxman rubbed his chin with agitated fingers. His eyes were anxious. Suddenly he sighed.

"I guess you better know that, too," he said. "I met him on Saturday afternoon. I swear to you, Gormley, I'd never seen him before in my life. I've got a sort of flair for picking up these fellows. It was outside a pub. He tried to nip me. Said he'd just arrived from Western Australia, flat broke."

He paused, and went on rather jerkily. "I told him what I wanted him to do. He wanted me to give him some money there and then, but I was scared he'd drink it. I met him before the show on Saturday night, and gave him his ticket to go in."

"What did you want him to do?"

"Nothing—but I had to be ready. In an act like mine you've always got to be ready. I wanted this—this—I don't even know his name—to stand by. He was to do nothing till I gave him a signal, then he was to get up and make a rumpus in the audience."

"Why did you do that?"

"In this sort of act, Gormley, sometimes a crank finds his way on the stage who wants to show how clever he is. Usually my committee are all right. You can put it all over them. They're a bit stage-shy and awkward, but now and again some smart Aleck comes along who won't play ball."

"And one wouldn't play ball on Saturday night?"

Flaxman nodded. "So I gave the signal."

"How?"

Flaxman placed his two hands over his brow, pressing the temples with his fingers, and after a time removing them at the same moment shaking his head vigorously. "Like that," he said.

"I get it," Gormley said, "and when Mr. X got the signal?"

"He called out, 'He's one of your own men' and I challenged him to come up on the stage. Say, do I have to give away every trick of the trade?"

The detective shook his head. "We'll keep them as mum as possible," he said. "Now, Mr. Flaxman, this obstructor—this gentleman who wouldn't play ball. That was the American, Egan Crane?"

Flaxman nodded. "I knew he was a pro. Harry Bunce had told me, so I asked him to co-operate. That's when we met on the stage. But he was up to something."

"What?"

Please turn to page 22



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# SOLVING TRANSPORT PROBLEM IN JAPAN



**HARVESTING** is done mostly by hand. These women are in charge of a load of rice straw.

★ *Common sights on the roads of Japan are the vast loads shifted by hand-drawn carts, bicycles, and rack-loaded human backs. Oxen are scarce and costly; horses still scarcer. Cart horses cost over a million yen. These photos were taken recently in and around Tokio.*



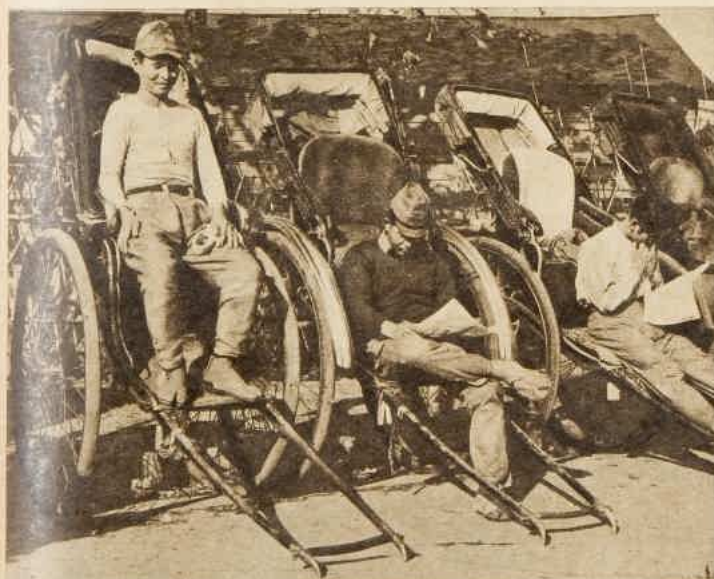
**A HORSE** is enviable possession. Tree being carried for replanting was several years old.



**BICYCLE-DRAWN** vehicle carries large loads—even a grand piano for the Marunouchi Hotel.



**TRANSPORTATION** of well-grown trees is usual. B.C.O.F. garden areas were planted with many fully-grown trees.



**RICKSHAW MEN** wait for hire at Tokio railway. Note cloven-toed rubber boots on one man, worn state of other's. Few Japanese have leather shoes.



**OLD MAN** was knitting while he walked, but as photographer approached he put his needles aside, sat down to search for something in his pockets.



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CRISPBREAD



# Debutante of the year owes it all to mother

## New York glamor-puss tested for films but would prefer politics

From our New York office

Society's number-one glamor-puss, 17-year-old English-born Virginia ("Ginny") Leigh, is cashing in on the tidal wave of publicity washing up on her Park Avenue doorstep.

"Ginny" Leigh has just been chosen the outstanding debutante of the year, and as such is receiving the greatest publicity build-up since the legendary Brenda Frazier burst upon the social scene a decade ago.

**N**EWs of Ginny's party-going is played up by the Press in more gaudy detail than the activities of any Hollywood star or Broadway actress.

Her coming-out party, featured by bucketfuls of champagne and vodka-spiked Moscow Mules and topped off by a high-toned brawl between Ginny's mamma and an uninvited guest, provided gossip columnists with chit-chat for weeks.

Ginny, magnificently attired in a bare-shoulder, hoop-skirted creation of white net, elbow-length gloves, and a pearl choker, danced with each of the 300 male guests.

The 500 guests munched hamburgers from two specially erected stands, ate gallons of ice-cream and thousands of savories. Music was continuous from 10 p.m. to 8 a.m.

Social arbiters agreed it was the best of all the eighteen parties held in Ginny's honor.

Ginny said it was the "smoothest" she'd ever seen. That takes in a lot of territory, for Ginny has attended parties at the rate of one hundred a month since her fifteenth birthday.

Ginny never rises before 10, spends the day at her hairdresser's or buying clothes.

She purchases evening-gowns ten at a time at an average cost of 200 dollars (\$70). After a second wearing she refers to a gown as "that old thing."

Like all New York debutantes, Ginny is an active charity worker. Most of the work consists of committee meetings held in swank luncheon spots like the Stork or El Morocco, where photographers are more numerous than waiters.

Her enthusiasms, apart from parties, are Broadway first nights, rumba dancing, Tyrone Power, and Tolstol's novel "War and Peace." She hates opera.

Ginny, who already writes a society column for a New York newspaper, has now received offers from three Hollywood studios.

She has been asked to appear on a daily radio programme, has had an orchid named after her, and has been asked to write the story of her life for a national magazine.

She takes good care of herself, doesn't drink liquor, and smokes little. She whittled her figure down to its present 9st. 4lb. by eschewing chocolate ice-cream sodas.

"I'm passionate about sodas," she confided, "but no one likes a fat debutante."

Ginny's practical-minded mother is pleased about the whole thing, particularly the monetary aspect.

It has taken years of planning, one year of concentrated manoeuvring for publicity, then the all-out debutante party to get Ginny firmly fixed in the social limelight.

"We've spent enough money," her mother—Mrs. Frank Delaney—said to-day. "We think it's time Virginia is paid for her work."

Mother accompanied daughter to her first screen test yesterday over Ginny's protests that she really wants a career in politics and journalism.

"She is only a child," said Mrs. Delaney. "She doesn't know what she wants."

Mother divorced Ginny's father, Claude Leigh, millionaire London real-estate man, when Ginny was still a child. She remained with her father and attended Heathfield School, near Ascot.

She became an American citizen a few months ago. Her stepfather,

Frank Delaney, is a wealthy American lawyer.

Mrs. Delaney started grooming daughter Ginny for this year's Debutante Sweepstakes in 1940, when the girl left her father's London home to take up permanent residence in New York.

As part of mamma's determined strategy, Ginny was enrolled in Miss Hewitt's classes, exclusive school for sub-debutantes, and her grooming for society's biggest gamble began.

When mamma felt Ginny was ready, the public relations advisers were called in. Their advice was "Be Seen, Be Heard, Be Captivating."

Ginny was seen everywhere and politely sent notes of thanks to magazines and newspapers which printed her picture.

Her photogenic features appeared in full color on the cover of a popular magazine with a circulation well into the millions.

Ginny campaigned for Governor Thomas Dewey in 1946 and says she wants to enter Congress in the footsteps of socially prominent Clare Boothe Luce.

One society reporter recently commented, "She seems to have brains." Her coming-out party was the last touch. Ginny's mamma schemed shrewdly.

She managed it so that it occurred at the very end of the winter season, before the Park Avenue set

flew south to Palm Beach, Nassau, and Bermuda.

The party did not conflict with any other, and therefore did not have to compete for the headlines.

It got the society page spotlight, of course. It also made the front pages because of the cold-shoulder mamma gave one of her daughter's playmates.

No one knows whether the incident was part of Mrs. Delaney's carefully planned programme.

At any rate mamma froze up when young Nancy Tuckerman arrived on the arm of a lad who had taken Ginny out the night before.

Mrs. Delaney left her place in the receiving line, pointed an imperious finger at Miss Tuckerman and informed her butler that the young lady had not been invited and was not welcome.

"Miss Tuckerman left crying," reported one newspaper. "That satisfied a woman's pride and hurt a child's dignity."

Mrs. Delaney's hostility to the Tuckerman girl arose out of a feud she has been carrying on with Nancy's mother.

It seems Mrs. Tuckerman did not invite Ginny to join the very swanky Junior Assembly at the beginning of the season. Mrs. Tuckerman is president of the Assembly.

Mrs. Delaney's red-painted nails have been honed for Mrs. Tuckerman since then.

Columnist Bob Ruark comments that such carryings-on in the social circuit are proof that people are better behaved in the pubs on the "wrong" side of town.

"We seldom carry social feuds to the point of fighting children over on Third Avenue," observes Ruark.

"We don't expose our young to vodka before their pimples wear off, either. Certainly we celebrate more peaceably."

A "Moscow Mule" is a sizzling concoction of ginger-beer and vodka, served in a copper mug which the guests can take home at the end of the party if they are still vertical.

The columnist also comes up with



DEBUTANTE of the year Virginia ("Ginny") Leigh, as Snow Queen of the Winter Ball at the Waldorf Astoria in New York.

the answer to what makes Ginny Leigh the Dream Debutante of 1948: "She has got more bare shoulders, more and longer hair, more bangs, more tulle, less shoulder-straps, and more mamma than any of the other fillies."

Ginny turns her smiling face to cameras the way flowers bend to the

sun. The smile cost her doting daddy 5000 dollars — it cost that much to straighten Ginny's teeth.

Her mother recently explained:

"Ginny is charm itself to newspaper columnists and the little people who take pictures. Besides, she needs the Press behind her if she is going to enter politics."

## Highlights of latest London dress shows

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

Dresses with double skirts and double sleeves, rustling taffeta petticoats worn under classical suits with the new look, detachable bands of blouse fabric edging the waists of suit skirts, and caped evening gowns are among the styles shown in the new London dress collections.



SKETCHES by Hartnell show his line for topcoats and his method of accentuating hips with flouncing.

All the couturiers show the most delightful blouses, crisp and neat and well-fitting in striped and muslin fabrics, in pique and chiffon, most of them with enormous bows of self-material finishing their necklines.

**H**AND-PAINTED patterns on chiffon and satin evening gowns appear at several of the collections as opposed to floral prints.

Favorite colors this year are navy and white and all shades of grey. Prints are most popular in pink and grey and every shade of blue and white. Striped fabrics are smart, and several couturiers show much applauded models in grey with large white spots.

Linen is not used much, but delightful cotton fabrics are almost as popular for evening as they are for day wear. White pique trims appear on most navy suits.

**NORMAN HARTNELL** Summer topcoats in cream, white, and pale stone shades in lightweight wool fabrics are featured in the Hartnell collection. Most of them have large collars, fitted bodices, bell sleeves and full skirts falling into elegant folds; but some are of the swing-back type, their fullness falling straight from the shoulders to the half-calf length which Hartnell sponsors so carefully for day wear.

His styles are not exaggerated, and hips, in most instances, are accentuated by flouncing and frills. Loops of fabric and swathing rather than by padding.

**MOLYNEUX** This collection consists only of day clothes. Nipped waists are accented, and the padding over the hips continues along the front of the skirt below the waist, giving a most peculiar silhouette to the "new look."

Fine pleating is used for many of the skirts, while short-waisted jackets have stiffened basques.

Several dresses have double sleeves—a banded full sleeve coming below a tube three-quarter sleeve.

Printed crepe frocks with double skirts are featured, and so are white edgings to hems and white embroidered muslin petticoats with suits and frocks.

A detachable band of the blouse fabric edges many of the waists of his suit skirts, giving a very neat "bottle-dress" effect to the blouse and doing away with the hard line between blouse and skirt.

**HARDY AMIES** shows a great deal of sunray pleating even in coats. His long, full-skirted suits have long classic jackets or long-sleeved boleros that end at the waist, making an edge-to-edge line with the skirt waist. Braiding is featured as decor for skirts and boleros.

Cape effects are part of many of the evening gowns. Indeed it seems almost as though Mr. Amies found much of his inspiration for this collection by studying the 1905-1911 pictures of the Suffragettes.

**PETER RUSSELL** concentrates on short jackets to balance his longer skirts, which are mostly pleated in triple box or crystal pleating. Much padding on the hips accents the smallness of corseted waists.

**ANGELE DELANGHE** gives a double-skirted white broderie an-

glaise dress, almost ankle-length, with simple fitted short-type bodice finished at the V neckline by a large, floppy, self-material bow, worn with long white broderie anglaise gloves as the debutante's dress for Ascot.

**WORTH** produces skirts of differing lengths for different occasions, all full and many of them pleated—really long for travelling to give extra warmth, and shorter for walking and country wear.

Another interesting feature of this collection is the number of ankle-length frocks with matching, long-sleeved jackets in tie-die faille and satin with very décolleté bodices under the jackets. This type of ensemble is recommended for informal evening wear, for special afternoon occasions, for cocktail time, or for the Royal garden parties.

**DIGBY MORTON** shows many exquisitely tailored suits in tweed and other wool fabric, doing more than any of the other couturiers to make his clients realise how the classic suit can be adapted to present styles.

He has made his skirts wide and longer, sloped his shoulders, nipped his waists and accented hips by large pockets, and still the classic suit remains.

All these suits are given added fullness and a pleasant rustle by being worn over charmingly matched taffeta waist petticoats.

**VICTOR STIEBEL** specialises this year in producing ensembles consisting of plain colored lightweight wool topcoats worn over gray print frocks in the loveliest soft silk fabrics, with deep V or squared necklines. He shows, too, quite a number of colorful printed silk outfits consisting of frock and short jacket, the frocks having very full skirts not longer than half-calf length, and the jackets long, fitted sleeves and small, stiffened basques.



FEBRUARY 21, 1948

## BUSHFIRE MENACE

**D**URING the remaining weeks of summer, increased vigilance is needed to protect the country from bushfires.

In most parts of Australia, this has been a season of bountiful rains, which have produced dense grass and undergrowth. This, as it dries off, could provide ready kindling for devastating fires.

Every citizen has a personal responsibility in this matter. City people should train themselves to be as bushfire-conscious as their country cousins.

The match or cigarette they throw from train or car window harmlessly on to a concrete road could be a menace 10 or 20 miles from town.

They mustn't presume that a picnic fire is out. They must make sure it isn't smouldering by pouring water or heaping soil over it.

In the country, now is the time to check over fire-fighting organisation and equipment against sudden need.

Farmers should be conscientious about seeing that their tractors are fitted with anti-spark devices.

There could be no more terrible thing to have on your conscience than the thought that your carelessness lit a fire which destroyed lovely bushland, somebody's home, and perhaps a life.

# WORTH Reporting

**T**WO pretty Melbourne girls who set out to cycle round Australia in a year are still going strong at the end of 21 months, with the last lap, Adelaide to Perth, ahead of them.

They are Shirley Duncan, 22, formerly a laboratory assistant at Alfred Hospital, Melbourne, and Wendy Law, who was a secretary at 3KZ, Melbourne.

They had travelled about 8000 miles when they reached Adelaide, and expect to "come out square" on expenses by the time they reach home.

An agency for a Melbourne publisher has brought them in some money, and they've done all kinds of jobs. They helped pay their way at the Chalet at Kosciuszko for a month by making beds.

They washed dishes during three months on the Barrier Reef. Wendy is a pianist and played at holiday resorts. Both girls have served in milk bars and done office work.

The trip from Melbourne to Brisbane took six months, with breaks at Kosciuszko, Canberra, Sydney, and Grafton. In Brisbane they bought a six-week-old blue cattle-dog which they named Peter after an ice-cream firm which gave them passes to have a free ice-cream at every place en route which sold the brand.

Peter runs along with them, in little leather shoes, and gets his share of ice-cream (an Adelaide ice-cream firm has given them passes, too).

In North Queensland they went from Townsville to the Barrier Reef.

From Cairns they flew to a little bush race meeting in the middle of Cape York Peninsula, and Shirley entered the ladies' race, coming third of three!

From Townsville they went to Cloncurry, left their bikes, and took the mail truck to Normanton. Back to Cloncurry, and off they rode through Mt. Isa to Tennant Creek and Darwin.

On their bikes the girls carry 60lb. of gear, including a sleeping bag, mosquito nets, and clothes. The Methodist Church has been like a fairy godfather, they say.

They carried letters of introduction to clergymen, and each one has given them a letter to a clergyman in the next town.

## What a fan!

**SEVENTY-THREE - YEAR - OLD**

Miss Fanny Jupp, who lives in West Croydon, Surrey, England, has attended her local cinema, the Croydon Odeon, every afternoon, including Sundays, for more than four years.

She usually arrives on the stroke of 1.30, sits in the front row of the stalls because she is short-sighted, and she leaves promptly at 6.30. Her favorite usherette always takes her to the same seat.

Miss Jupp says that seeing the same film several times never bores her. "I have developed quite a technique about it," she says. "The first time I see a film I concentrate on the story and look at everything."

"The next time I shut my eyes and just hear the film and enjoy all the bits of dialogue I only half appreciate when I was looking at it."

"People say I go every day because I am lonely. This is not true. I go because films are my hobby, and every time I see a film, right up to its last showing, I find fresh points of interest in it."

## Animal Antics



"The owners expect you to vacate at once!"

## Like a goat

**A** GOAT which provides a Suffolk (England) family with milk walked into her owner's kitchen the other day and ate her ration card. (Permits are needed in England to buy food for domestic animals.)

The almost hysterical owner wrote to the appropriate department explaining what had happened, asking for a duplicate card for her goat, adding as a postscript: "I am an honest woman."

Back came the official answer: "Although it is obvious that your goat has eaten her ration card, and all a duplicate will be sent to you in due course. P.S.: Only the goat's honesty is in doubt."

**IT'S** a long time since Christmas, but we cannot forbear from repeating an item that came to our notice in an American trade paper. A Christmas tree made of 67 white milk shins was ordered from *Farrier Art Teitelbaum*, of Beverly Hills, by a motion picture executive. After Christmas it was to be made into a jacket, costing nearly £3000.

## Points for dancers

**A** GOOD ballet dancer can be picked out at once by her beautiful deportment, well-stretched legs, and absence of strain in every movement, according to Madame Marie Rambert, director of the famous English Ballet Rambert now playing in Sydney.

"Quick response to any movement called for is also important," she added. "A well-trained dancer is always on the alert, never slow-thinking."

We visited Madame Rambert when she was selecting four girls to take part in the Sydney season from a group of nine advanced ballet pupils at the Frances Scully School of Dancing.

Wearing her rehearsal slacks and blouse, Madame spent more than an hour putting them through their paces.

She always whistles or sings the accompaniment herself when she is rehearsing a group, as she finds it easier to correct members and demonstrate any points without an accompanist.

As the nine pupils, in black rehearsal tights and tunics, went through the various movements, Madame Rambert would interrupt her whistling to direct them.

"Stand higher, girls, with the shoulders firm. Remember, all the work must be done by the back. The front must present to the audience the appearance of complete ease. Strong firm waists. So!"

The four girls selected were Grace Campbell Smith, 18; Pat Siemon, 18; Kathie Lamb, 17; and Josephine Verin, 16.

## Post office pens

**S**HORT, cheery Patrol Officer William George Palmer, of Sydney G.P.O., is the man thousands of N.S.W. residents have been bearing a private grudge against for years.

His duties include looking after the post office pens, ink, and telegram forms, provided free at the various counters.

If you hold the opinion that post office ink is made from soot and the pens specially designed to frustrate every effort to write, you should hear Patrol Officer Palmer's story.

Nibs, pens, and ink are replaced at the counters every day of the week, but he fights a losing battle against doodlers, dart-throwers, and people who insist on dropping pens on the floor before using them.

Letter and telegram writers, he complains, wear out or lose 21 dozen pens a gross and a half of nibs a week. Yearly figures show that they use up 26 gallons of ink, bought in quart bottles.

In addition to this, they have ruined an unspecified number of inkstands by using them as ash-trays, rubbish-holders, and targets for blotting paper pellets.

Worst offenders are women, who are apt to walk off with the post office pens after they have used them. Almost three dozen pens a day are lost in this way.

Patrol Officer Palmer thinks post office nibs are quite good nibs and the ink suitable enough for general use. But he has to dissuade people from using it to fill their fountain pens.

"It is definitely not the type of ink for a fountain pen," he says.

Patrol Officer Palmer should know. When it comes to writing anything he always uses his own fountain pen.

## More fish

**F**RESH fish from the home creek for the man on the land is the aim of the Victorian State Government Fisheries and Game Department.

At Snob's Creek, near Eldon Weir, the Department has a five-year plan for building the biggest fish hatcheries in the southern hemisphere.

A research laboratory has been set up in Melbourne to help the work of the hatcheries, which will keep creeks stocked with fish and offset the decline in numbers of the Murray cod and blackfish.

At the Snob's Creek fish-nursery, selected fish will be stripped of their eggs, which will be fertilized and hatched in wire-mesh trays, covered with gently running water pumped from Snob's Creek.

Later, the young fish will be transferred to other ponds containing Goulburn River water.

This will make fish-hatchery history by following the natural order of fish-breeding.

In the spawning season, fish normally lay their eggs in quiet little creeks for hatching, and the young fish return to big-stream water for quick, sturdy growth.

Snob's Creek graduates will later migrate to far-afeld homes to provide food and recreation for out-back people.

The hatcheries cover 102 acres, which are being planted with shrubs and trees to attract insects.

The insects, enticed by flood-lights, will fall into the ponds and augment the bullock's-liver diet of the young fish.

Angling has reached an all-time high this year in Victoria with the issue of 20,000 trout-fishing licences against last season's record of 14,700.

Mr. A. Dunbavin Butcher, Chief Inspector of Fisheries and Game, says that overseas anglers look on Australia as a paradise.

"In America eight-ounce catches are viewed with pride," he said. "A one-pound catch is a good haul in England, but in Australia two, three, and four-pound fish are commonplace."

# IT SEEMS TO ME

by *Dorothy Drain*

**T**HE shops, with their traditional disregard for the thermometer, are beginning to put ideas about winter fashions into our heads.

One thing's certain. If we want to be fashionable this winter it's going to cost a packet. Though all clothes are expensive enough now, plenty of girls have been able to run themselves up natty summer versions of the "new look."

But this is the first winter of the new long skirts—which, in my opinion, are like drink or drugs. A little is all right at first, and then you want more. In other words, they'll be down to our ankles before we're through.

Only the most skilful home dress-makers can run up suits or coats.

The other day I tried on a suit which I bought at great expense early last winter. It didn't look merely unfashionable. It looked ludicrous.

Mad, aren't we?

**M**ILKMEN in Sydney have been appealing to housewives to leave their milk jugs or bottles on the front porch instead of the back porch, where possible.

Mr. Albert Thompson, secretary of the Milk and Ice Carters' Union, tells me that his organisation is making this appeal, feeling that as housewives generally are very considerate to the milkman, they will co-operate when they know the facts.

In some suburbs the extra distance from front to back of houses averages 20 yards there and back.

In fact, says Mr. Thompson, one of his members works out that he runs about 103 miles per month more than he should have to.

Sometimes this member works out his mileage over 26 years on the job, and figures wistfully that he could have run round the world.

Cutting out the back door sprint would speed up deliveries.

After listening to Mr. Thompson I feel that if I owned a front and back porch I'd transfer that billy right away.

**H**ORSE-BREEDERS in Soviet Turkistan are crossing donkeys with horses in an endeavor to develop the fastest horse in the world.

Donkeys being what they are, the breeders had better be careful, or they'll get a horse of another color.

**A** SEVEN-YEAR-OLD schoolboy set a problem for the California Academy of Sciences recently when he wrote to ask, "Are turtles deaf?" The Academy informed him that turtles may be deaf, or just hard of hearing, but their be's are sensitive to vibrations.

Can a turtle hear?

Is it quiet down there?

Is his world in the ocean free from sound?

Or does the music go round and round?

A small boy's thoughts are rare and strange.

And the things that make him wonder

Are at all events a delightful change From the matters that grown-ups ponder.

Can a turtle hear?

Well, I don't know, dear,

But perhaps because of the circles he's bred in

He always knows when to pull his head in.





# Film Reviews

## ★★★ FRIEDA

DAVID FARRAR adds another success to his growing reputation for fine acting as the British officer Robert, who is rescued from a Nazi prison camp by Frieda (Mai Zetterling) and then marries her. Falling have taken what was a thoughtful play and made it into an equally thoughtful film.

The arrival home of Robert with his young German wife and the reactions of his family and the community to her presence have good dramatic value.

Mai Zetterling, who went to England from Norway to play Frieda, is a really fine actress whose timing and restraint are admirable.—Embassy; showing.

## ★★ THE LONG NIGHT

PLAYED in minor key throughout, RKO's unrelieved drama moves steadily from its startling opening to its tense finish. Henry Fonda, Vincent Price, and a particularly intriguing newcomer, Barbara Bel Geddes, have most of the work to do. The two men always are dependable, and Barbara, who is not a glamor girl, provides the acting talent we hope to see, but seldom do.

Director Anatole Litvak, in making his first picture since the war, has taken an English version of a French screen play.

Fonda is the war veteran who shoots his enemy (Price) and then stages a stay-in gun battle with the police while the story tells in flashback the reasons for the planned murder.—Plaza; showing.

## ★★ THE UPTURNED GLASS

JAMES MASON glowers his way through this Sydney Box (Rank) production of a drama written by Mason's wife, Pamela Kellino, who co-stars with him.

Too much narrative by Mason as a potentially paranoid doctor is a fault in a medley of psychology which otherwise is a field day for the Mason fans.

Mason is the man who meets out rough justice to a woman (Pamela Kellino) who murders her sister-in-law (Rosamund John) because of jealousy over the doctor.—Equire; showing.

## ★★ THEIRS IS THE GLORY

AS a reminder of the epic English-American tragedy of the Armistice Bridge Battle in September, 1914, this documentary released by GBD was made on the scene of the struggle.

Directed by Brian Desmond Hurst, the film shows clearly the events which caused the loss of so many thousand men in one of the blackest pages of our war history.

There are no stars and no glamor, but the honesty and sincerity of all concerned shine more brightly than any synthetic studio polish.—Savoy; showing.

## ★ THE VERDICT

PERIOD setting of Warner's modest mystery yarn adds interest to the Scotland Yard background. Taken from a novel by Israel Zangwill, moral of the story is the danger of convicting on circumstantial evidence.

Rotund Sydney Greenstreet is the Scotland Yard officer who loses his job after he is responsible for the conviction and hanging of a man on circumstantial evidence. In revenge, Greenstreet commits a crime, confesses only when an innocent man is blamed.—Empire; showing.

## Your Coupons

TEA: 1-27 (1-4 expire Feb. 22); 13-16 become available Feb. 23.  
BUTTER: 1-9 expire Feb. 22; 18-19 become available Feb. 23.  
MEAT: Beef, 15-21, blue 17-22 (expire Feb. 22).  
CLOTHING: 1-56 (1947), 1-56 (1948).

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The Australian Women's Weekly—February 21, 1948



# Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with  
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored  
pearls. Also on board yacht Argos is  
BETTY: His daughter. They are assisted in  
their mission by the Queen of Amos Island,  
who tells them that the flame pearls lie due  
west of her island. Disregarding warnings

of strange dangers ahead, the yacht at last  
reaches a vast stretch of coral reefs, whose  
only opening is a narrow strait between two  
huge boulders. Horrified, they watch the fate  
of a derelict ship drifting through the opening.  
"The dreaded Strangler Straits!" ex-  
claims Mandrake.  
NOW READ ON:

THE HUGE ROCKS ROLL TOGETHER  
--THE DERELICT SHIP IS CRUSHED  
BETWEEN THEM LIKE AN EGG  
SHELL! THERE IS NO WAY TO  
SKIAT THE STRAIT--CORAL  
REEFS EXTEND ON EITHER  
SIDE FOR HUNDREDS  
OF MILES...



THEY MUST EITHER PASS THROUGH  
THE STRAIT OR GIVE UP THE HUNT  
FOR THE FLAME PEARLS.  
MANDRAKE HAS A PLAN.  
DYNAMITE IS LOADED IN  
A LIGHT ROWING BOAT--



AS THEY ROW THROUGH THE STRAIT, THE  
HIGH BOULDERS TREMBLE SLIGHTLY.  
"THE ROCKS ARE DELICATELY  
BALANCED ON THEIR BASES,"  
MANDRAKE DECIDES. "THE  
WEIGHT OF A LARGE  
BOAT CAUSES THE  
ROCKS TO ROLL  
TOGETHER."



LOTHAR CLIMBS UPON THE  
TREACHEROUS ROCKS AND DIGS  
HOLES IN THEIR SURFACE FOR  
CHARGES OF DYNAMITE.  
HE PLANTS OTHER STICKS OF  
DYNAMITE IN CREVICES AND  
CRACKS IN THE ROCKS....

BACK ON THE YACHT AND AT A SAFE  
DISTANCE, MANDRAKE PASSES AN  
ELECTRIC SWITCH. ELECTRIC  
CHARGES SET OFF THE  
DYNAMITE--THERE  
ARE A SERIES OF  
TERRIFIC BLASTS--



THE ROCKS ARE BLOWN OFF THEIR BASES, INTO A MILLION  
FRAGMENTS--AND STRANGLER STRAIT IS NO MORE!  
THEY WAIT FOR THE PIECES TO SETTLE--  
--AND THE SEARCH FOR THE FLAME PEARLS CONTINUES--



BUT THERE IS A HIDDEN DANGER JUST AHEAD! A VAST, INCREDIBLY  
HUGE SEA-MONSTER, INTENDED BY NATURE TO LIVE AT THE OCEAN  
BOTTOM BEYOND THE SIGHT OF MEN, HAS BEEN STIRRED FROM  
THE DEPTHS BY THE GREAT EXPLOSION!



TO BE CONTINUED

STOP PRESS: Don't miss March issue of ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE

1/- at all Newsagents.



# World-famous Old Vic Company on its way to A



FAVORITE PORTRAIT of "Larry and Viv," as they are known by the international coterie of friends.

## Olivier will rehearse his thirty players on Corinthic decks

By BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

The Australian tour of the Old Vic Company, headed by Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien Leigh, will be the greatest event in Australian theatrical history.

The tour will last six months, the company opening in Perth on March 20.

NO other company in the world enjoys the international prestige of the Old Vic Company, which has played at the Comedie Francaise in Paris, before audiences on

Broadway, in Brussels, Mexico, Cairo, Rome, and London, to name a few, and is a play in every capital of Australia.

Right up till the last moment before embarking on the trip, Laurence Olivier was busy rehearsing the company's thirty members so that each of the plays—"Richard III," "The Skin of Our Teeth," and "The Trojan Women"—could have a final dress rehearsal before leaving London.

Deck space on the Corinthic is so enormous, and the passengers so comparatively small, that Laurence can polish up his appearances at the top of his art without seriously disturbing anybody. The thirty members of the company make up nearly half of the Corinthic's total passenger list.

Both for "Larry" and his wife, the trip will be a real cure in comparison with the work which they left behind.

Until the last moment Olivier bent on perfecting his conceptions of Sir Peter Teazle in "The School for Scandal," Mr. Andrius in "The Skin of Our Teeth," and re-creating his role of the crafty, selfish back Gloucester, who later becomes King in "Richard III"—all performances of which have won unanimous acclaim from critics in London and Paris.

In addition, he has been training the company in all the subtleties of acting, persuading, and working with a concentration of which only a very few are capable; conferring on occasion with his manager, and with C. Beaton, the renowned theatre designer, on the decor which is planned for the three plays. Suddenly dropping everything, he is driving off to Denham to answer to calls to view the



"NEW," Vivien Leigh's Siamese cat, wearing a charm collar, poses beside Olivier's portrait.



QUARANTINE restrictions prevent "New" making the trip, but in England he accompanies Vivien everywhere.



IN HER DRESSING-ROOM during filming of "Anna Karenina," Vivien Leigh gives "New" his lunch.





SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER in the role of the crafty, deformed Richard III.

progress on his film of Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

The film has been his constant preoccupation for more than a year.

The genius of Laurence Olivier, both as a producer and an actor, lies as much in his infinite capacity for taking pains as in his immense talent.

For Vivien Leigh the trip means a relief from the busy routine of film-making, from twelve-hour days under scorching klieg lights, and from stage rehearsals which have drifted at the dictates of theatre space from drill halls to theatre after theatre in London's West End.

It means, too, a final convalescence in Australia's sunshine from the illness which once caused great concern to "Larry" and from which she recuperated sufficiently to take the role of Anna in Korda's "Anna Karenina."

No actor is more shy of publicity or less "himself" when interviewed than Olivier.

He believes his private life has nothing to do with his art as an actor, and cannot understand why strangers are interested in him as a person.

But when Laurence Olivier joined the Old Vic Company, his contributions to which have since earned him a knighthood and the title of our greatest living actor, he brought with him a new and alien quality called glamor, and a large, embarrassing following of bobby-soxers.

Some of them could scarcely know or care less about Shakespeare, but they milled and fought with the police at the stage door of the New Theatre, present home of the Old Vic Company, chanting "We want Larry" and screaming when they caught sight of him.

About his New York season with the Old Vic Company, café society columnist Billy Rose wisecracked: "When that Englishman Olivier came over a lot of guys called Herman couldn't figure why they were

being called Laurence when their girl-friends kissed them."

Nor have Vivien Leigh's stage appearances been without incident. "Skin of Our Teeth" is a gay, informal play in which Vivien, in the role of Sabina, takes the audience into her confidence, says how bad she thinks the whole thing is, and then returns to her part.

During her London performance, which incidentally was voted by critics as the performance of the year, a woman in the audience took these asides seriously, advanced up the ramp to the stage, and gave Miss Leigh a play to read.

She was eventually shooed off into the wings. Vivien Leigh still laughs about that.

"You see," she explains, "the audience thought that was part of the play, too."

To talk with Vivien Leigh is to have a lesson in classic English. Years of concentrated training have

—all that remains of an Augustinian abbey.

Vivien Leigh's cocktail parties are renowned among her friends for the special hors d'oeuvres she hands round with the drinks.

Her recipes for "Provence flan," sardine rolls, and hot rissoles have the general vote as her best efforts.

There can be little doubt that the marriage of "Larry and Viv," as their friends talk of them, has been an immense success professionally as well as privately.

Olivier is instinctively as much a producer as an actor, and much of the fine flowering of Vivien Leigh's art as an actress is credited to his inspiration.

Of the two, "Larry" is more intense, more emphatic, more expressive. To illustrate a situation he falls naturally into "acting" it. It makes him a gifted raconteur.

Vivien supplies a natural balance to their relationship—she is quieter and more placid.

A jinx has shadowed the Oliviers whenever they have embarked on an air trip. It

manifested itself last in the United States when an engine caught fire, fell off, and the pilot saved his passengers with a miraculous crash-landing.

Since then they have been rather chary of air travel.

Wherever possible in Australia they plan to travel by rail.

In planning the Old Vic tour of Australia they rejected tempting offers to make films in Hollywood.

In Britain, too, Sir Alexander Korda would give almost anything to have Vivien Leigh under contract.

Both prefer the theatre to making films. Vivien Leigh says: "It's more exciting and alive—though, of course, films enable you to do things which can never be done on the stage."

Though they bring to each other a tremendous artistic stimulus in their work, the foundation of their happiness—despite the conflicting calls of stage and films and the



IN "SKIN OF OUR TEETH," Thornton Wilder's play, Vivien Leigh plays Sabina, first a slavey, then siren, then partisan fighter.

scattered design for living which these impose—is in their home. They are devoted to one another.

Many months ago Vivien Leigh expressed a dream they shared. "Larry and I want to have a theatre of our own where we can work together," she said. "We would do plays there, and might make films of them, too."

Vivien Leigh has been converted to the "New Look" in choosing her wardrobe for her Australian tour.

Her wardrobe will be small but attractive, and particularly adapted to train travel.

Matilda Eches, English designer who recently made a trip to Australia herself, has designed most of Vivien's day clothes. She has kept in mind her particular preference for grey.

But she is proudest of a cream gabardine dustcoat worn with a bonnet-hat and veil, which, though it draws its inspiration from the early days of motoring, is the very latest thing in travel wear.

The English firm of Coleman and Sons specially wove the material for her coats and skirts in a light-weight wool suitable for Australia's autumn and mild winter.

Slate-grey gabardine features in another coat-dress which has a panelled skirt and bell sleeves. Three soft folds from the centre-front of the waist form a large, shoulder-width collar.

One afternoon frock is of fine wool Paisley print in green, yellow, and rust on a white ground.

Plain red-and-white and blue-and-white striped cotton day dresses specially woven for her by



SABINA becomes a beauty-contest siren in "Skin of Our Teeth."

Roosen Silks will emphasise her trim figure.

Concessions to luxury are Vivien's rich brown mink coat, full length and slightly flared, and two exquisite Brussels lace boleros—one white, one black—which are Matilda's specialty, and which will be worn over evening dresses.

Hardy Amien has designed other clothes for her, and, in addition, Vivien Leigh may choose a dress from each of the houses of Victor Stiebel, Bianca Mosca, and Delange.



# The Most Beautiful Girl in the World

Continued from page 9

LUCY turned, her cheeks hot, and gave him a glance surging with hatred.

"You're looking well this morning," went on Lath. "In fact, I might say lovely . . ."

She spurred her horse suddenly and went crashing towards the brook. The horse leaped for the opposite bank, and all a sudden, before Lath was aware what had happened, Lucy sat in the middle of the stream, while her mount scrambled up the bank and disappeared into the trees.

Lucy just sat. The water lapped round her waist; her face was mud-spattered; her hair hung in damp tendrils over her forehead. Lath looked at her fascinated. He thought she looked charming. He jumped down, lowered himself to the bed of the stream, and held out his hand. "Honestly, I'm sorry," he said. "Are you hurt?"

"I'm fine," Lucy returned proudly. "I just like to sit here. It's cool."

"Please," Lath said, "please get up. I startled you. It's my fault."

"Go away," said Lucy irritably.

But Lath had removed his shoes and was already wading into the brook. She began to kick her feet, splashing him with water. Lath was soaked, but he reached Lucy finally and grabbed her under the arms. He raised her up and shook her.

"Are you hurt?"

Lucy's arms went behind her. Her lips trembled and mortified tears filled her eyes. "If you must know," she said, "my pants are torn." Then she added shakily: "You and your glamor girls!"

Lath laughed, and then . . . he didn't know what made him do it. Maybe it was Lucy's face, ferocious as a weebegone kitten's. Maybe it was her small figure, tense with damaged pride . . . but anyway, Lath kissed her, long and hard.

"You would!" she blushed. "You would take advantage of me in this condition!"

Lath let her go suddenly. He waded towards the bank and reached for his shoes. A large and oaky hunk of mud caught him squarely between the ears. Without even looking back, he wiped it off and stalked up the bank and back to his horse.

That night his lawyer called.

"Luck's with us, Lath," he said.

"The Benedict estate has a heavy mortgage against it, coming due this month. I can get it for you if you like. Also I think Benedict will have to ask for renewal. She sold your property to you to pay off a couple of other debts. Her father left a tangle when he died."

"Get the mortgage," said Lath, "at any price."

He felt good when he hung up. No unattractive muddy little woman could treat Lathrop Bishop, the model mogul, the judge of gorgeous femininity, the way Lucy Benedict had and get away with it. Or could she?

"Flawless make-up and perfect styling have little to do with real beauty," Lath wrote. "A beautiful woman is beautiful under any conditions, whether she be sitting in the middle of a stream (he crossed that out), whether she be covered with mud (he crossed that out), whether she be . . ."

Lath stopped and pondered. He had hit a snag and the snag was Miss Lucy Benedict.

He walked out to the front porch to think, but instead found himself day-dreaming about foreclosing the mortgage. He pictured Lucy coming to him, broken, pleading.

"Tears will not help," he said to the imagined Lucy. "You went too far . . . throwing mud! Fencing the road! Humph!" Then the imagined Lucy would turn, head bowed, shoulders sagging. "Wait," Lath would call. "I'm not a tyrant, Lucy." Then he would run to her and gather her in his arms and kiss her again and again . . .

During the next three days Lath alternately wrote on his article and day-dreamed about foreclosing the mortgage. The real Lucy went into "What Makes a Woman Beautiful" and the fictitious Lucy performed as Lath imagined he wanted her to in his daydreams.

Occasionally he walked down the road to watch, secretly from behind the trees, Lucy and her handyman erect a sturdy fence with posts right in the middle of the



"If you aren't embarrassed, Butch, I'm embarrassed for you."

path. Then, on the fourth day, the mortgage came.

It was raining that day. It had rained all the day before, and Lath was overcome with boredom. When the mortgage arrived by registered special delivery, Lath began elaborate plans for visiting Miss Lucy Benedict that very afternoon. He could hardly wait.

"Bad road you got there," the postman said while Lath signed for the document. "Bad condition. Washed the fence right out!"

Lath smiled happily. He wasn't worried. He would drive his car, big as you please, right up into Lucy's front yard as a careless symbol of ownership.

The postman was right, of course. The road was in terrible shape. The car slid and twisted, but managed to proceed slowly . . . that is, until he got to Lucy's drive and a water-hole with a slippery clay bottom. Then Lath tried in vain, overworking his engine, to pull the car out.

Lath got out and pushed and at that very moment the heavens opened up and let loose with a cloudburst of water, drenching him to the skin.

Lath sneezed. Finally he left the car in the hole and cursed himself all the while he walked up the Benedict drive.

Please turn to page 28

# A Thousand Looked On

Continued from page 13

FLAXMAN began to pace agitatedly up and down. "Don't ask me!" he said. "That fellow Crane's eaten up with his own importance. He couldn't bear to play second fiddle."

"What made you think he was going to crab your act? I think that's the expression."

"Just a hunch at first," Flaxman said. "Pro's usually co-operate, but he did nothing. Just sat. It got on my nerves." He added in an aggrieved tone: "Actually he threatened to expose me."

"Why?"

"Why! Why! Why! You've seen the man."

"I mean," Gormley said, "apart from the natural inclination of an actor to show off in front of an audience, might there not have been some reason why he should wish to crab your act?"

Flaxman was lighting another cigarette, his head turned away. It was a moment or two before he replied.

"How could there have been? It was the first time I'd met him." He carefully blew out the match he had been holding and threw it away. "Anyway, as soon as he talked about exposing me I took no chances. I got your Mr. X up."

Gormley rose. "Not my Mr. X, Flaxman," he said, and as the mesmerist stared he opened the dressing-room door. "He belongs to you, you know. Many thanks for the talk."

It was Wednesday. Three nights had passed since the Saturday night murder, and Gormley, alone in his office, pieced together what he'd got. He had to confess it was not much.

He still didn't know the real identity of Mr. X. There was a bare possibility that it was Parotti's old partner, though the bird man when confronted with the corpse had denied that it was that of anyone he knew.

The trapeze accident had happened in Western Australia, and Mr. X had told Flaxman that he'd come from the West "flat broke." If Flaxman were telling the truth!

Perhaps Flaxman had been too frank. A paragraph he had come across in the Public Library while delving into the subject of hypnotism kept recurring in Gormley's

memory. He took out his notebook and read:

"A person could be mesmerised to commit a murder he desired to commit."

That could imply that the person who murdered Mr. X was a killer at heart, but his homicidal tendencies had to be titillated to give him the courage to go through with it.

It also raised the question whether two people were involved in the killing, one, perhaps, innocently. The detective ran his tongue round the inside of his cheek. Flaxman the mesmerist, and—!

He snapped the notebook shut. It was too fantastic. He turned to the carefully written notes Janie and the American, Bob Struthers, had given him, and began reading attentively.

"I—that was Struthers—heard Bunce say to Flaxman, 'I've got something to do but I don't seem able to tackle it. I'm losing me punch.'"

The mesmerist had replied: "Don't let that worry you. We'll soon put that right," and made an appointment for him to come to his dressing-room at seven on Saturday night.

Three hours before the murder, and Flaxman, according to the talk Struthers had overheard, had hypnotised Bunce previously.

But who said Bunce could throw knives? Besides, he had an alibi. He'd been at the scene-dock with the other stage workers except for the brief time he'd been at the stage door.

He'd heard the stage doorkeeper talking to someone on the phone—given a gist of the conversation he'd heard. The stage doorman's evidence tallied with that, though he hadn't seen Bunce or anyone else.

Gormley went on reading. These young people had been very zealous. There were pages and pages. He read carefully. When he had finished he sat pinching his underlip.

And just then the telephone bell rang and Bob Struthers was at the other end. Gormley listened open-mouthed to the excited words.

Yes, yes, here, at Mrs. Linde's. It—it's all right, really, I suppose, but I thought you ought to know."

To be continued

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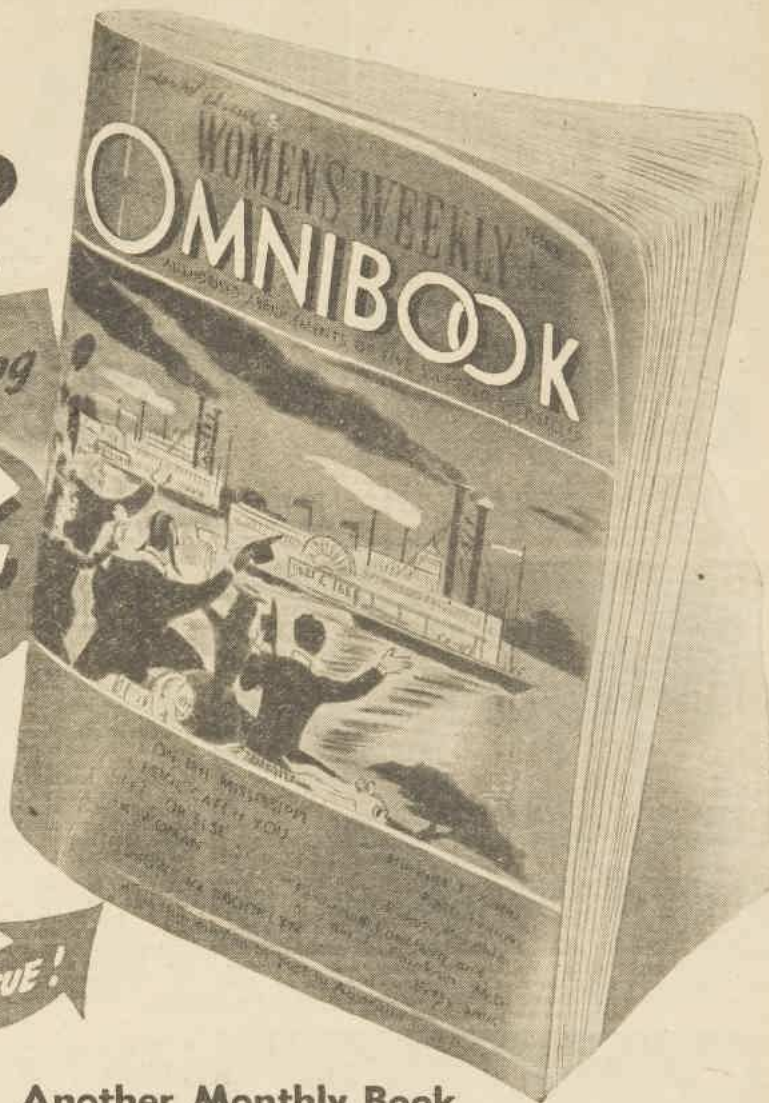
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CONFETTI showered on Malcolm McLennan and his bride, formerly Annette Hamilton, eldest daughter of Mrs. C. Hamilton, of Elizabeth Bay, leaving St. Mark's, Darling Point. Couple to live at Eumungerie.



CAREER IN LONDON. Sylvia Marriott (centre) says farewell on Orion to sisters Melodie Marriott and Mrs. Colin Ross when she sails for England. Sylvia, an architect, will work in London.

## Intimate Pottings

RECENT weddings bring city and country families into the news, and many guests come specially to town for celebrations.

BRIDE FROM WARREN. Mrs. Douglas Fairfax, formerly Shirley Taylor, youngest daughter of Mr. E. Major Taylor, of "Delor," Warren, and of the late Mrs. Taylor, cuts cake with husband at wedding reception at Ranchly after private wedding ceremony.



OLD SYDNEIANS' BALL. Youthful Betty Laing, Rosemary Cooper, and Jill Younger spend day together discussing plans for Old Sydneians' Union War Memorial Fund Ball at Trocadero on March 23. Rosemary is secretary of ball committee.

As well they attend parties in honor of lucky people who sail for England and the Continent which are highlight of week's social events.

Many weddings have country interest, but biggest number of visitors attend marriage of Gwen Ekin, of Mudgee, and Dan Mackinnon, of Trangie, at St. James', King Street. Gwen, in simply cut, embossed satin gown, is vivacious bride.

Unusually interesting was wedding of Florence Mitchell, of Auchincarr, Castle Douglas, Scotland, to Robert Sharp, of Vaucluse. Robert also hails from Castle Douglas, but couple first met in Sydney when Florence nursed here with Royal Navy.

Wedding, in traditional Scottish character, had Robert and brother Alex in full Highland dress, and pipers leading wedding party from St. Andrew's Scots' Church, Rose Bay. Florence was given away by Sir John Gordon, Bart., of "Earlston," Scotland, and Cremorne, Sydney.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Fred Le Poer Trench and bride with Margaret's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. King, of Leeton, and Fred's mother, Mrs. F. Le Poer Trench, of Lismore, at reception at Pickwick Club after evening wedding at St. Philip's Church, Sydney.

JULIE DEWEZ is looking forward to having rest on board Strathaird when it sails for England. After attending sister Louise at wedding to Allan Lauchlan she is busy packing for trip to England and Europe with parents. Mr. and Mrs. G. Dewez. During absence of family Allan and Louise will live in the Dewez house at Neutral Bay.

NURSING career is choice of Barbara Harris, of Edgecliff, who left Ascham at end of last year. She has begun her first year training at Royal Prince Alfred. Great school friend Jan Smith, of "Brooklands," Yass, is doing correspondence dress-making course, and another friend, Barbie Vivars, has decided to be a stay-at-home. She is enjoying first "grown-up daughter" months at "Nombi," Mullaley.

MOTHER-AND-DAUGHTER white doeksin gloves worn by Joy Toulouse and small Nanette on preschool shopping expedition. Joy tells me Nanette will attend her when she marries Lieut.-Commander John Fowler, R.N., later in year. John, a former shipmate of the Duke of Edinburgh in H.M.S. Valiant, hopes to receive transfer to R.A.N. soon.

NEWS from London of Elaine Benesmer Clark. She is in the midst of decorating charming little house she recently bought in Park Village, just behind Regent's Park. Her mother, Lady Brooks, of Melbourne, has sent her some beautiful pieces of antique furniture and brocade curtains.

VISCOUNTESS ST. DAVIDS, Melbourne's former Doreen Jewett, is now doing final year of medicine at West London Hospital. She's combining career with home life in Spence Gardens house with her husband and children, Colwyn, Rowena, Mifanwy, known as Miffen, and eighteen-months-old Rhiannon. Rowena has come to Australia with her grandmother, Mrs. Arthur Jewett, of Melbourne, who is just back after six months in England.

NEVILLE MANNING and Neville Goodall are sharing a house at Palm Beach, where they are noted for cheery hospitality.

BRIEFLY: Barbara and Jim Fraser solve their housing troubles temporarily by snapping up flat at Wolsey Gardens. Pat and Len Samuels return from honeymoon in Victoria with high hopes of getting flat at Strathfield. Kevin and Cecily Long christen daughter Christine Cecily. Cecily's sister Helen McCawley welcomes the new arrival before returning to Brisbane home after long Sydney holiday. Mrs. John Bonnython, of Adelaide, returns home after seeing daughter Jane installed as pupil at Frensham. The W. J. Smiths arrive back by air from America on day of son Norman's wedding to pretty Judith Bray. Pat Cameron, of "Glenmore," Upper Rouchel, weds carnival horseman and polo player Noel Pinkerton at Rouchel this Saturday. Mrs. James Drummond, formerly Rae Callinan, arrives with her husband from America this week for six months' visit. She will stay in June with her sister, Mrs. G. Murphy.

AFTER their first shy appearance in reserved black or white ballerina-length late afternoon dresses become so popular that they are worn now in all colors. Mrs. Cedric O'Gorman Hughes wears a lovely cigar-brown one, and Mrs. Robert Nott has one in dusty-pink corded silk.

NO housing problems for recently wed Laurie and Therese Jones. New house is ready for them on New Guinea agricultural station managed by Laurie. Couple first met in New Guinea eighteen months ago.

THRILLED at the prospect of seeing her daughter, Mrs. Alan Campbell, is Mrs. G. W. Taylor, of Strathfield. Mrs. Campbell, who was Margaret Taylor, is living in a house in Holland Road, Singapore, with her husband, who is attached to the Foreign Service. Margaret will arrive in Sydney about the middle of the month, and after brief visit here will return to Singapore with her mother. Later Margaret and Alan plan home in England.



EMBASSY VISITORS. U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Robert Butler (right), lunches with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Higgins, in Cedar Room at Australia Hotel, before flying to Canberra. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins return to America soon.



YOUTHFUL Rosemary Dibbs and Elizabeth Holcombe enjoy oysters at Romano's. Fair-haired Elizabeth is sun-tanned after holiday at Whale Beach.



PRETTY Shirley Lyons at Randwick races with fiancé, John Roche. Shirley is cool in beautifully cut floral with cross-over bodice and shady black hat.



## Trio of stars . . .



JOAN CRAWFORD, star of "Daisy Kenyon," a 20th Century-Fox adaptation of a popular modern dramatic novel by Elizabeth Janeway. A glamorous wardrobe for the star was designed by Charles Le Maire and included this unusual dinner-gown with its chain-mail trimming.

VERA RALSTON, blonde Czechoslovakian ice-skating champion, now has become one of Republic Studios' leading dramatic actresses. In her newest film, "The Flame," she co-stars with John Carroll, Robert Paige, and Broderick Crawford in a psychological thriller.

RITA HAYWORTH, with bleached, short-cut hair for her Columbia film "Lady From Shanghai," looks asignée in a long-sleeved jersey dinner-blouse contrasting with a voluminous checked taffeta skirt. Rita has grown her hair long again and restored it to red for her role in "The Loves of Carmen."



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**1 MYSTERIOUS** flight to Saigon is planned by Shanghai importer Maris (M. Carnovsky), who offers Larry (Alan Ladd), Mike (Douglas Dick), Pete (Wally Cassell) 10,000 dollars to fly him.



**2 READY** to leave airport with Susan (Veronica Lake), Maris' secretary, and waiting for Maris, they see him pursued by police; take off without him.



**3 ENGINE TROUBLE** develops. After forced landing journey is continued by ox-cart and river boat. Larry, realising Maris is wanted by the police, suspects Susan, but Mike likes her.



**4 FINDING** Susan has brought huge sum of money into Saigon, which is illegal, Larry orders her to leave; but because of Mike he lets her return.

### SAIGON

THIS drama is Leslie Fenton's first directing job for Paramount, and he has had to handle an extremely complicated plot, having, as its underlying theme, the inseparable friendship of three men, who have just gone through the war together.

Poignancy is added because two of them know that the third, Mike, has only a short while to live, because of war injuries. Technical advisers employed to give correct atmosphere included Colonel Clarence A. Shoop for the flying scenes, Vanya Oakes for Indo-Chinese scenes, Dr. Wei Hsueh for Chinese atmosphere.



**5 LARRY**, fearing police, takes money from Susan's cabin, mails it to himself; then finds police searching his own bag.



**6 SUSPECTED** by Lieut. Keon (Luther Adler) of being a collaboratorist, Larry's war citations soon clear him.



**7 ARRIVING** at Saigon, Maris demands his money from Larry and Susan but finds Larry has posted it. Maris says he will wait till post office opens; but Keon appears and arrests him.



**8 DRAWING** hidden gun, Simon (van Rooten), Maris' sinister manservant, threatens to shoot Larry. Mike and Pete are killed in scuffle. Susan comforts Larry.



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## The Most Beautiful Girl in the World

Continued from page 22

LUCY came to the door, looking warm and dry and cozy in a pretty housedress.

"I'm not at home," she said, and slammed the door.

Lath was too wet and miserable to care about anything. He sat down heavily on the porch steps and sneezed again and again and again. Lucy opened the door a crack and appeared to relent a little.

"Come round to the back door and I'll let you in," she said.

Lath trudged round to the back and was admitted to the kitchen. Lucy looked at him hard, then left and came back with a big bathrobe, a pair of slippers, and a bucket.

"Put the robe on," she ordered brusquely, "while I get hot water for your feet."

"I'm okay," objected Lath, feeling abject and miserable.

Lucy stamped her foot. "You're not okay," she said. "You're catching pneumonia."

Lath did as he was told. He huddled in the bathrobe while his clothes dried over a chair next to the stove. His feet soaked in the hot mustard-water. A feeling of warmth and well-being began to steal over him. Lucy stood in front of him.

"You were crazy to drive on a day like this," she declared.

"I wanted to see you," mumbled Lath between contented sneezes.

"Why?" demanded Lucy.

Lath couldn't answer. This was not the opportune time to play the villain. Besides, he didn't want to be a villain with Lucy. She looked so warm and sweet and full of life. He wanted her to like him.

He liked her. He liked her. He liked her.

"You're going to bed," said Lucy.

"You've got a fever. This rain won't let up all day, and I won't have a sick man, particularly a sick you, on my hands for longer than I can help."

Lath felt too weak to put up a struggle. When his feet were soaked thoroughly she brought him to a stretcher-bed made up in the living-room.

"I'll take care of you to-day, and then I never want to see you again."

"Lucy," said Lath, pleading like a small boy, "let's not fight any more. I never meant to be enemies with you. It was all a mistake in the beginning."

She softened and began to smile. "Well," she said, "since you're quite harmless... and quite unglamorous yourself now, I suppose I can admit I wasn't a very good neighbor." Her voice lowered shyly. "Really, you're nicer than I expected."

She got up to fix a fire in the fireplace. Lath watched her in the glow, and it seemed to him she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

"Lucy," he said softly, "you are the most beautiful woman I know." She looked at him a moment, and when she saw he was serious she blushed and laughed. "It's the fever, you're raving."

"I love you," he said, and in his heart he was honest. "You are beautiful," he repeated, "and I can prove it." He had an idea. If Lucy read his article on beauty, maybe she'd see what he meant about her.

"Bring my coat," he said. "There's something I want you to see." When she brought it, he reached into the inside pocket and pulled out a folded sheaf of papers.

"Here," he said, "read this, and you'll see."

He lay back and Lucy was quiet as she read the manuscript... she was quiet a long time after.

Lath turned and looked at her. She was staring at him, her eyes blazing with fury and suppressed tears. In her hand was the mortgage. Lath had given her the mortgage instead of the article.

"Lucy," he began futilely. She clenched her hands.

"Oh, I don't mind about the mort-

gage. Somebody had to have it. But that build-up..." She mimicked: "Lucy, you're the most beautiful woman I know." Then she turned and fled from the room.

Lath tried to find Lucy. He got up and wandered round the house, but it was no use.

Towards evening Jimmy, Lucy's handyman, came into the living-room.

"Your car's free now," he announced. "Miss Lucy says you can go home."

"Where is Miss Lucy?" asked Lath. "She's not around," the man answered evasively.

And that's the answer Lath got the rest of his stay in the country.

At the end of the second week he had to return to his office and the city. He tried every way he knew to get in touch with Lucy, but in vain. Finally there was only one course of action left.

Through his lawyer, Lathrop Bishop informed Miss Lucy Benedict that he was foreclosing the mortgage. Then he sat back and waited.

Lucy arrived at Lath's office on a rainy afternoon, the exact date the mortgage was due.

"Miss Benedict," Lath said, without emotion, "as you know, I hold the mortgage of your property. I believe you are aware the mortgage was necessary in view of the fact I had to use the road to travel to and from my country home."

She stood, stiff with pride, her stubborn chin more stubborn than ever, her grey eyes cold and level.

"I know," she answered calmly.

"And it is also true that when I tried to come to a friendly understanding you: (a) Slapped me; (b) threw mud; (c) left me to die of pneumonia."

"I wish you had died," Lucy broke in, with feeling.

"Please don't interrupt," he said. "Miss Benedict, as the saying goes, you are in my power."

Lucy jutted out her chin. Her eyes were suspiciously bright. "I came to request a week's extension."

Lath shook his head regretfully. "I'm afraid that's not possible, unless, of course, you marry me."

She glared at him. "Don't joke."

"You hear me," said Lath calmly. "Marry me or I'll foreclose the mortgage."

Lucy faced him, but hers was no dejected air. Her head was not bowed. Her shoulders did not sag. Lath was dismayed.

"You tried every way you knew how to get your own way," she said vehemently. "Flattery... insults... making love... mortgages, and now this! Don't make me laugh. I'm plain, and I know it. Take the house. I won't marry you."

Lath had had enough. He shoved her into a chair and forced "What Makes a Woman Beautiful" under her nose.

"Read this, or out you go to-day," he growled.

She read it... and Lath watched her. She tried to maintain a stony expression, but bit by bit her face softened and her eyes took on a glow.

Then... well, it couldn't have happened better if Lath had planned it... there was a knock at the door, and a tall, lovely blonde swayed into the room.

Her hair was a sheath of gold capping her head. Her eyes were violet and long-lashed. The exquisite lines of her lithe body were emphasised by a stunning gown. Lucy stared in wonderment.

"Lath, dear," the blonde drawled in her sultry voice, "I'd love to see you for a moment." There was a pause. Then Lath scowled at the luscious blonde. He reached out for Lucy's little tanned hand. And suddenly there was no one in the whole world but the two of them.

"Go away," he said to the intruder. "I'm busy... with the most beautiful girl in the world."

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# Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

IN her endeavor to look suitably dressed, the woman in her fifties is sometimes over-cautious about choice of color and style.

But she can get away from "middle-aged" colors and matronly cut and still be appropriately and tastefully dressed. This correspondent voices the problems of many of the over-fifties.

Will you help me solve a dress problem? I am 56, but am told I look only 46; my hair is not grey, but a light mouse color. My problem is this: I want a new winter outfit for a special occasion. I generally wear a suit, but my daughter says women in middle age should not wear suits. What do you think? I thought burgundy for the color. I have black accessories.

I think, at any age, a well-cut classic suit is good fashion; if you feel you're the suit-type, wear one. If you would like a change, and I think a change is good for us all, a dress and matching jacket is a perfect autumn-into-winter ensemble for a matron. Furthermore, it can serve a dual purpose. The dress, made with long sleeves, can be worn coatless, and the coat can go over other garments. If you decide on an ensemble, have the coat fingertip-length, made with a rather full silhouette—and have it made in a soft, fine wool. A blue-grey would be a more flattering color, and newer, too than burgundy. If you decide on a suit, choose worsted material—perhaps grey-green or sage-green. Your black accessories could be worn with either the suit or ensemble in the colors I suggest.



NEW LOOK in a printed satin housegown.

## Bride's housecoat

"WOULD you please help me with a design for my trousseau? My sister has given me 7½ yds. printed lingerie satin, and I intended making it into a housecoat. I want the gown to have the 'new look.' Would you please design the style? I am in my early twenties and have a tall, slim figure."

The latest housecoats achieve the new look with a smooth, slightly dropped shoulder-line, plus the current fashion of a tiny waist and a wide, sweeping skirt. It's an ultra-feminine line and a perfect silhouette for a house-robe. For further glamor, designers are playing up ruffles and flounces for trimming. Your printed satin would look feminine and pretty styled on these lines. For the detail I suggest a high mandarin neckline, short sleeves, and a dropped shoulder-ruffle to form a yoke.

## That waistline

"FASHION magazines keep talking about tiny waists, but please tell me what happens when, like myself, a woman hasn't a small waistline?"

Every woman has a waist, but, of course not every woman has the tiny waist that present fashions demand. Waistline exercises done faithfully will help reduce a too-large waistline. There is also a lot of help to be had from the corsetieres, who are making light laced waistbands, higher girdles with shaping through the waist, and long bodice brassieres. The line and cut of the new clothes is also a help. Notice how padding at the hips and bosom can create, by contrast, the illusion of a small waistline.

## For the tropics

"MY husband and I will be taking up residence in the Malay States shortly, mainly in Singapore and Kuala Lumpur, and I would like advice on my wardrobe. Will I need any of my handknits and will my riding-habit be of any use? Is formal evening dress customary?"

Take my advice and buy all your clothes in Australia. Choose classic designs, and when it is necessary to replenish your wardrobe have rep-

licas made by native tailors. The Chinese are excellent at copying both men and women's clothing and do so down to the smallest detail. As you are going to a tropical climate, it will be wise to have as many garments as possible made in washable material—cotton is best. You will change, even if the dress you change into is not extremely formal, every night for dinner; the climate demands it, so does the social life. You may need some winter woolies and your riding-habit in case you go to the highlands for a holiday. Very few women wear stockings or a hat; glare glasses are essential. There is a terrific rainfall, but it is too hot and moist to wear a raincoat; an umbrella will be useful. Take light shoes and sandals and have them on the big side. By the way, Chinese tradesmen copy shoes as well as they do clothes.

## Planned wardrobe

"I NEVER seem to have suitable clothes or those I really like for any occasion. I have plenty of clothes, but they never match or seem right. Is there any way I can learn to improve my taste? I am particularly keen about hats."

Being well dressed is entirely a matter of planning—thoughtful and intelligent planning. It is foolish to buy any garment unless you feel it's absolutely right and flattering; always discard anything you feel neutral about. Follow the tried-and-true policy of one or two (according to your budget) really good outfits each season plus well-chosen accessories. One perfectly tailored suit and one well-cut dress will rise to almost any occasion in your life. Choose designs that will look just as smart two or three years from now—don't exaggerate any silhouette. As hats are your specialty, indulge yourself just as far as your budget will allow.

## Right length

"AS there seems to be a considerable to-do about what is the correct length for a street skirt, I thought I would write to Dress Sense for the correct reply."

The right skirt length is 14in. from the floor, or approximately 11in. to 2in. above mid-calf. There are, however, two exceptions. The girl with long thin legs should wear her skirts a trifle shorter. The other exception is the girl whose legs are inclined to be heavy, with thick ankles. Her skirts should be a little longer—say about 12½in. to 13in. from the floor.

## Bridesmaid's dress

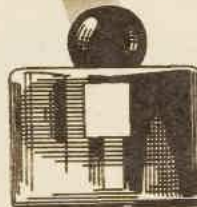
"I AM to be a bridesmaid some time in July and am to wear a street frock. I have rather big hips and would like something that would help to hide this figure fault. I would also like a suggestion for a hat."

I suggest a ballet-length dress made with a tight-fitting bodice, short magyar sleeves, a deep, square neckline plus a very full skirt. This type of silhouette definitely needs a hippy figure. Have the dress made in a soft, light wool in a color to flatter your eyes and hair. For the decor a large bow in a matching shade of taffeta worn at the base of the neckline, and a matching frill showing below the hemline would look smart. Wear a tiny hat, a pillbox, or a beret, and wear it well over on one side of the head. The hat could be made in the same taffeta as the trim on your dress. It would be an unusual idea to carry a matching taffeta muff.

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CHIFFON SCARF is a becoming cover-up with strapless evening gown.

## Evening stole

"I HAVE made myself a black satin evening dress with a strapless bodice, and now feel the top looks too naked. A jacket seems rather out of date, and I don't like the fashion of a cape. Is there anything you can suggest that will not spoil the look of my frock by making it appear to be renovated?"

An evening stole is a perfect cover-up for wear with a strapless evening-gown. Have the stole in sheer chiffon, black, embroidered with gold sequins in a geometric border design. The newest way to wear a stole is draped across the throat and shoulders, the ends hanging down the back.



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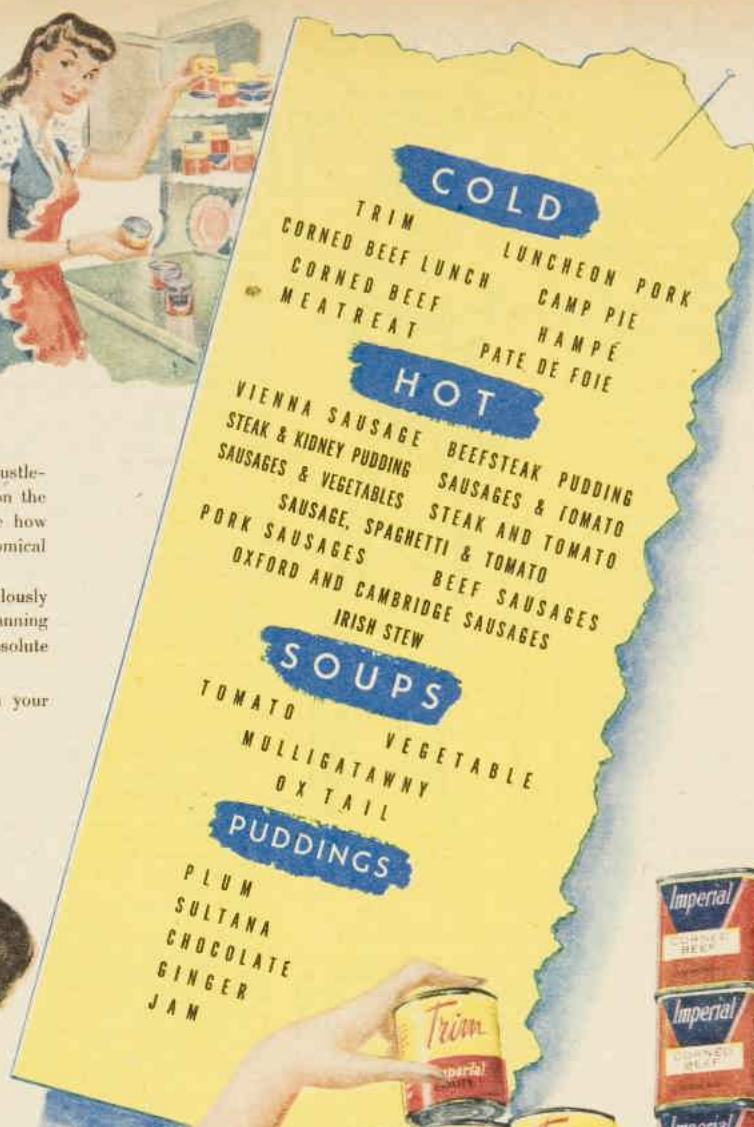
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## HAIR BEAUTY from the nursery

By CAROLYN EARLE,  
Our Beauty Expert

● A most endearing feature about bonny, healthy children is soft, shining hair; somehow your fingers can't resist twirling a curl, or smoothing a strand.

**R**EAL hair beauty begins in infancy, and there is no doubt that, with constant care and regular attention in early years, various difficulties will be avoided later.

Even when a future crowning glory is in the peach-fuzz stage, fluffing it upwards with a downy-soft brush will strengthen and stimulate its growth. It may encourage it to curl too, but if the hair comes to straight, in spite of all efforts, it's no longer the fashion to bemoan the notion that some boys have all the luck—and the curls. In recent years straight hair has come into its own.

One or two shampoos weekly with medium-warm water, liquid soap, or a suitable shampoo are necessary to keep a child's hair pretty and clean.

For liquid soap, flake and dissolve tablet soap in a bowl of hot water and use it luke-warm.

As with the grown-up, perfect rinsing in clear, cool water and drying with a warmed towel are comforting for a youngster, and a few minutes in the sun and fresh air after the hair-fix makes the hair smell sweet and clean.

Dry shampoos are useful in uncertain weather, or when a head-cold might be developing. There are several powder types—usually orris root, bran or almond meal.

Sprinkle on the scalp, rub lightly, and brush carefully until every trace of powder disappears.

Where suitable, a camphorated friction rub once or twice a month invigorates the hair. Mild, chemist-mixed lotions in which the alcohol content is very low are more soothing and beneficial than, for example, cologne, which may dry fragile hair and irritate delicate scalps.

Brushing ritual: The best way to banish tangles without tears is to carefully select a brush with bristles neither too harsh nor too soft. In

the brushing, don't flatten the hair on to the scalp, lift the hair out and up.

A non-pointed, fine-toothed comb is best for the comb-out, going all round the ends first, arriving, little by little, at the roots in this way easing snarls and hurtful disentangling.

By the time a little girl is three-ish she's at her most beguiling. She is eager to please, agreeable to suggestion, and interested in everything. After discouraging attempts to brush the dog, her shoes, and anything else in the vicinity, as well as her head, this is the time to begin really training her to brush her own hair properly.

She will love a brush of her own. When shown how to pull the bristles through hair-strands, from the scalp to the ends, even the smallest female soon catches on.

In no time at all she'll probably be able to do quite a good job by herself if the hair is fairly short. Ten or 15 strokes of the brush, head downward, night and morning will have her well started on the road to lifelong hair beauty.

Selecting a hair-do for the girl-child is still a grave matter, but thank goodness the one-time frenzy for curls at almost any price is very much a thing of the past.

Of course, for the child they suit, curls are most attractive, but smooth hair is completely "right" for the quaint, the cute, or the frankly unfluffy mop-top, whose serious eyes and funny little nose are more attractive framed, for instance, in a shining Dutch bob.

Young young-lady hair styles have never been more varied; on this page is a collection, showing how bows, bands, braids, and barrettes can be used.

Incidentally, in these circles the bang is news—good news—because it is an adaptable, easy-to-handle-and-keep-in-order fashion. It can be straight or curled, narrow, or spring from any point short of the crown and end anywhere from the brows up.

## Broom-cupboard source of fire

**J**OAN had been in the kitchen and had noticed smoke coming from the broom-cupboard. When she opened the door, flames had burst out and set alight to her clothes.

Fortunately, she had the presence of mind to roll on the floor and call for help.

If she had run outside with her clothes alight she might have been burnt to death. A neighbor heard her call, and put out the fire with a bucket of water.

With Joan wrapped in a sheet and blanket, I hurried her in my car to the hospital. Her shoulders and legs were badly burnt.

I cleaned Joan's burnt skin under an anaesthetic in the operating theatre and gave her an infusion of human serum into a vein. Later, the neighbor, who had been waiting at the hospital, asked: "How could that fire have started in the broom-cupboard?"

"Quite easily," I told her. "I suspect a pile of oily floor-polishing cloths. They will catch fire by self-heating, as any oily rags will do.

"Even an oily mop-head placed in a closed container can catch alight."

"How could such a thing be avoided?"

"By hanging cloths or polishing-mops on hooks on the back of the cupboard door," I said. "The free access of air will prevent them heating."

Here are some other subtle fire dangers in and around the home:

● Petrol or similar fluid for clothes, floor-cleaning, or paint-removing.

It is impossible to use petrol safely in the home.

● Heaps of old papers and rags under the house are an invitation to self-ignition.

● Going to sleep in bed, on a sofa, or easy-chair while smoking a cigarette is an obvious danger.

● Throwing a lighted cigarette into a wastepaper basket or out the window.

● "Fixing" a fuse with any piece of wire without seeking the cause.

● "Speeding-up" a fire with kerosene.

[All names in these articles are fictitious.]

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● Readers asked our food and cookery experts for the recipes printed on this page.

dry dough. Turn on to floured board, roll thinly. Cut with plain 2 1/2 in. round cutter. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Allow to cool on tray. When cold, top with marshmallow, sprinkle with coconut, and decorate with a piece of cherry.

**Marshmallow:** Three level teaspoons gelatine, 1 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 egg-white, 1 cup icing sugar, vanilla, pink or green coloring, small quantity coconut, few crystallised cherries.

Soak gelatine in boiling water. When cold but not set, add lemon juice. Pour slowly on to stiffly beaten egg-white, mixing well. Beat in sifted icing sugar, vanilla, and coloring; spoon on to biscuits immediately, as mixture sets quickly.

#### COCONUT-ICE

Four cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar or 2 teaspoons liquid glucose, 1 cup coconut, pink coloring, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Place sugar, milk, cream of tartar or glucose into a saucepan. Place over low heat and stir occasionally until sugar is dissolved. Do not stir again. Boil steadily to 236deg. F., using a sweet-making thermometer, or until a little of the mixture dropped into cold water can be easily moulded with the fingers to form a soft ball. Remove from heat, divide into two basins, allow to cool. Add half coconut and vanilla to each basin, color one portion pink. Beat with wooden spoon until cooled and very thick. Press one portion into a half-pound chocolate-box lined with waxed paper; press second portion on top. When quite cold and set cut into blocks.

#### PINEAPPLE FRUIT CAKE

One and a quarter pounds mixed fruit, 2oz. cherries, 2oz. shredded peel, 1 cup cooked pineapple syrup, 1 tablespoon rum or sherry, 5oz. butter, 5oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 eggs, 1lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1/2 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 cup shredded cooked pineapple, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts.

Wash and dry fruit, add cherries and peel; cover with pineapple syrup and rum or sherry, stand overnight. Cream butter and sugar with orange rind. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with soaked fruit, shredded pineapple, and walnuts. Turn into paper-lined 7in. cake-tin, bake in slow oven (300deg. F.) 3 to 3 1/2 hours. Allow to cool in tin. This is a very moist cake with good keeping qualities. Best if made two or three weeks before cutting.

#### SAVORY TASMANIAN SCALLOPS

One pound scallops, 1 scant dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon finely minced onion, 1 scant tablespoon flour, pinch dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 pint milk, good squeeze lemon juice, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, lemon and parsley to garnish.

Wash scallops well, pat with a clean cloth to dry. Place in greased basin, steam 30 to 40 minutes. Drain off all liquid. Melt margarine or butter, add onion, cook over low heat until onion is soft but not browned. Add flour, mustard, salt and pepper. Cook 2 or 3 minutes, stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in drained scallops, lemon juice, and half the breadcrumbs. Turn into greased ovenware dish, top with balance of crumbs. Place in moderate oven to re-heat and brown crumbs; do not allow mixture to boil or lemon juice will cause curdling. Serve hot, garnished with lemon and parsley.

blended cocoa into balance of mixture (pink coloring present does no harm), pour into third tin. Place in moderate oven (375deg. F.), arranging chocolate and pink portions on one shelf, white portion on shelf below. Bake 20 to 25 minutes, reversing white and pink portions for last 5 minutes of cooking time. When quite cold, join the three layers with mock cream, ice top with pink warm icing and decorate with chocolate.

#### MARSHMALLOW BISCUITS

**Biscuits:** Four ounces margarine or butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 8oz. plain flour, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar. Add beaten egg-yolk. Work in sifted dry ingredients, adding milk if necessary, to make a very

### By OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

carbonate soda, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 scant dessertspoon cocoa blended smoothly with 1 extra tablespoon warmed milk, cochineal, 3 tablespoons mock cream, warm icing, grated chocolate or chocolate shot to decorate.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly with salt. Gradually add sugar and continue beating until all sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks. Fold in sifted flour, cream of tartar, and soda. Lastly fold in hot milk and melted butter. Grease three 7in. sandwich-tins. Pour one-third of mixture into one of the tins. Color remainder pink, pour half of it into second tin. Fold

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt and baking powder. Add sugar a little at a time alternately with mixed vanilla, water, and vinegar—also added a few drops at a time. Continue beating until all sugar is dissolved and mixture is stiff enough to hold its shape. Turn on to greased dinner-plate (low oven heat will not damage plate) or greased oven-tray. Using a flexible, broad-bladed knife, shape into a tart, building up sides and hollowing centre. Bake in very slow oven (275deg. F.) 1 1/2 to 2 hours. When quite cold (and just before serving) fill centre with fruit salad. May be served with cream or ice-cream.

#### RAINBOW SPONGE

Four eggs, pinch salt, 1 cup caster sugar, 1 cup plain flour, 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bi-

FRUIT-SALAD PAVLOVA, rainbow sponge, marshmallow biscuits, and coconut ice are favorite party dishes . . . Readers ask for these recipes again and again.

*By Request*

OUR testing-kitchen files contain hundreds of recipes, which are added to as each new one is proved.

If you want a particular recipe, send a letter naming it and enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope.

#### FRUIT-SALAD PAVLOVA

Three egg-whites, good pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon water, 2 cups fruit salad.

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 21, 1948

"AEROPHOS," THE MODERN RAISING INGREDIENT . . . CONTAINED IN ALL LEADING BRANDS OF SELF-RAISING FLOUR AND BAKING POWDER





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ABOVE: Waitresses at Marunouchi Hotel, Tokio, in pretty green party kimonos. Behind ornamental ice structure, the drinks water keeps the drinks stacked.

PAPER NAPKINS, folded like the prow of a ship, make dainty d'oyeux for the attractive savories. At the left, slices of brown toast are arranged into a Jap-style cottage and used as a savory base.

## Party fare in Japan

FOOD for all members of the Occupation forces in Japan, and also for all families, is provided by B.C.O.F. Canteen Service, which was established by Australian Army Canteen Services.

The Army ration is liberal and can be supplemented by purchases at family stores of poultry delicatessen goods, and a wide range of grocery lines.

With plenty of leisure time is naturally a good deal of entertaining. Japanese cooks are trained by the Army, and most Australian wives in Japan have been pleasantly surprised by their aptness at preparing family meals as well as by the skill with which they decorate party foods.

One of the biggest food jobs, both for regular meals and large parties, is done by the Marunouchi Hotel in Tokio, which was established as a leave centre for Australian officers and their families as well as for the accommodation of resident civilian officials engaged in special work.

The hotel has spacious lounges and ballrooms with parquet floors and can easily accommodate 300 or 400 guests at a party. The Japanese band is good. For parties the players don Hawaiian shirts and black pants, and the Japanese waitresses are all clad alike in pretty kimonos. Regular dining-room waitresses are neatly uniformed in European-style black dresses with white collars, cuffs, and caps.

Majority of hotel staff come from Melbourne. The hotel manager is Major S. J. Warrell, of Melbourne, whose wife and little daughter Lynette live at the hotel. From South Australia are the Heaslip. Mr. Heaslip is assistant manager, and

his wife is housekeeper. Her assistant is Miss Pauline Rodgers.

Popular Una Murphy, of Melbourne, is assistant dining-room manageress. Three other Melbourne girls assist in the supervision and management of the dining-room—Vera Cahill, Dorothy Jordan, and Alleen Laird.

In charge of the Japanese cooking staff is Bill Kirwin, of Melbourne, an ex-airman. Assisting him is Peter Clarke, also of Melbourne. Mrs. A. Bowman, wife of the bar manager, another Melbourne, is in charge of dining-room and food service generally. Assistant bar manager is Mr. T. Curtis, of Melbourne.

In charge of reception-desk are Diana Press, from Albury, N.S.W., and Joyce Smiley, from Perth, while the telephonists, who have the unenviable job of coping with the Japanese switchboard and girls, are both from Sydney—Peggy Weatherall and Pat Shoemaker.

Servicemen on staff include W.O. R. F. Floyd (Army), Victoria, and Sgt. George Massingham, of Sydney. Sent up in charge of the Regimental Aid Post, Sgt. Massingham is known as unofficial medical adviser and friendly counsellor to half Tokio, and is always ready to help out anywhere.

The canteen and barber's shop in the hotel are supervised by W.O. Dunn, R.A.A.F., of Melbourne.

### PRIZE RECIPE

FIRST prize in this week's recipe contest has been awarded Mrs. E. Walker, 3 Miriam St., Caulfield, Vic., for Hungarian Cream. Recipe will be published in next week's issue.



CLEVERLY DECORATED HAMS and poultry generally form the centre-piece of the buffet. The wicker baskets have been frosted in delicate pink and rimmed with a plait of pink sugared icing, and the flowers are cut from vegetables—turnips and radishes usually.

Constantly out of sorts?



'SLUGGISH SYSTEM'

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CRITICISM COULD BE KILLING WHERE I WORK—BUT HAVE NO FEARS FOR ME! INECTO RAPID HAIR COLOURING KEEPS MY HAIR NATURALLY YOUNG LOOKING

Women everywhere are using Inecto Rapid—the accepted way to re-colour dull or grey hair. When used as directed is perfectly harmless—consult your hairdresser or buy from chemists.

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## Bonny Little Australians

born  
under the Sign of  
**PISCES**



Astological authorities say that the time between February 19th and March 21st comes under the influence of Pisces—and those who are born at this period are likely to have a dual nature. They may be mystical, warm-hearted and emotional in temperament—yet, at the same time, particularly practical and successful in their careers. Usually very fond of travel and the sea, Pisces people may do well in overseas trade—or they may desire to make their homes near the sea. The mothers of these bonny children are helping them to health and vitality with Vegemite.



KAYE MEYER

Kaye is the sprightly little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Meyer of Albert Street, Highett, Vic. and February 27th is the date of her fourth birthday. Mrs. Meyer says: "Kaye has some Vegemite every day and I'm sure the vitamins in Vegemite have helped to make her such a bright healthy child."



SANDRA SAMPSON

Three years old on February 25th, Sandra is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Sampson of Burwood, N.S.W. Mrs. Sampson says: "I've found Vegemite a wonderful food for building up Sandra's health... and all the kiddies I know love the flavour of Vegemite."



LORRAINE SHAW

Five years old on March 7th, pretty little Lorraine is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Shaw of Sinclair Street, Moorooka, Brisbane, Queensland. Mrs. Shaw says: "Lorraine has always loved the flavour of Vegemite and I think it is a marvellous food for growing children."

*Vegemite*—a little does a power of good, because it is:

- ★ Richer in Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> (Aneurin)
- ★ Richer in Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> (Riboflavin)
- ★ Richer in the anti-pellagra factor (Niacin)
- ★ Tastier and costs less.



# Keep Cool

with a  
**KRAFT CHEESE  
SALAD**



## KRAFT Iceberg Salad

You need—cucumber, carrot, lettuce or cabbage, cooked peas or beans, radishes or any other combination of salad vegetables you fancy plus Kraft Cheese and Kraft Mayonnaise Salad Dressing.

Peel and slice cucumber, shred carrot and lettuce or cabbage, wash and dice radishes. Keep ingredients separate and chill thoroughly. Just before serving, cut Kraft Cheese into cubes and arrange salad plate as illustrated. Serve with crisp bread rolls and Kraft Mayonnaise Salad Dressing.

This new Kraft Iceberg Salad is the star turn for informal hot weather menus. Prepare ingredients in advance, chill thoroughly, then it's only a matter of seconds to set out this tempting, brimming array on a salad platter.

## Tastes better—because it's BLENDED BETTER

The mellow *blended* goodness of Kraft Cheddar Cheese makes the simplest summer salad taste exciting—and remember! Ounce for ounce there's no other basic food to equal cheese for complete, high quality proteins... for calcium, phosphorus and other valuable nutrients of milk.

So ask for Kraft Cheddar Cheese in the smart 8 oz. packet or have the exact quantity you require cut from the economical 5 lb. loaf at your grocer's.



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schemes, deals with the subject of fabrics and furnishing which are reasonably available—and all without bias. Illustrated throughout with full-colour plates and many drawings, it's a grand book to have handy at any time. Your copy is waiting for you.

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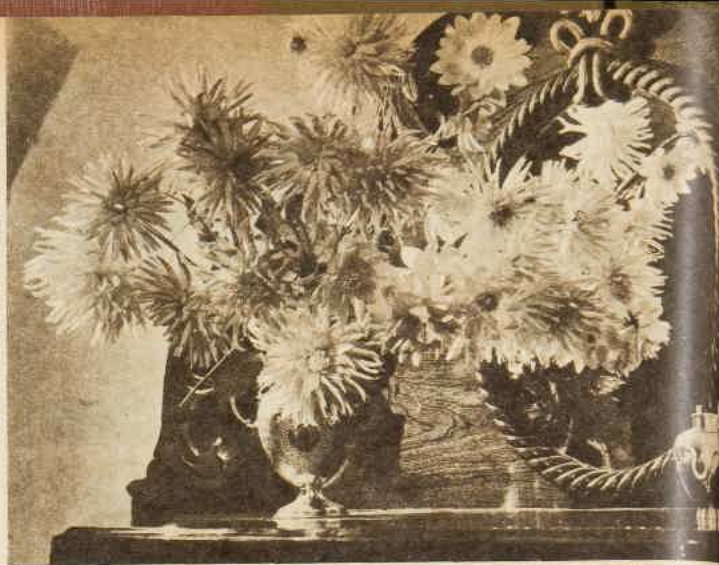
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RIGHT: Charm dahlias may be arranged to make a delightful picture in almost any type of vase. An old Chinese sugar-basin was used to hold these, and the reflection of the flowers in the mirror doubled the effect. In this type of arrangement the back is just as important as the front of the bowl. For wall vases keep the long-stemmed flowers to the back, short ones to the front.



## FROM A COTTAGE GARDEN...



PINK AND RED GERANIUMS and carnations in a low basket, the water in a sandwich-tin. Geranium leaves break up the color pleasantly, and Chinese-blue forget-me-nots make a good contrast. Daisies and zinnias could be arranged in the same way.

★ This collection of flowers from the garden is arranged in vases that include a white jug and an heirloom bowl.

Chicken-wire was pushed into the taller, wide-mouthed bowls to hold the varying thicknesses of stalk; woody stems were hammered, waxy stems sealed in a flame before placing in water, and rose stems split.



CENTREPIECE of white daisies and pompon dahlias in yellows and oranges in flat, white bowl. Nasturtiums could be used instead.



CASUAL arrangement of roses, carnations, daisies, zinnias, and snapdragons in an old white jug from kitchen shelf—charming.



CRUSHED strawberry crepe myrtle in a burgundy Venetian glass vase. Set under little picture, made perfect decoration for small hall.



Flakes? Scales? Itching? Germs? Not for him any more, he uses LISTERINE Antiseptic the proven treatment for infectious dandruff.

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AN OLD-FASHIONED Chinese vase filled with pink and white cosmos. The vase is the wide-necked type that calls for a "bush" of flowers simply (but not haphazardly) arranged.



BOWL OF SUMMER BLOOMS includes roses, yellow and white marguerites, gerberas, and delphiniums in pinks, yellows, and blues arranged in a simple flat Breton bowl. Flowers were supported with wire flower-holder.



ROSES look their best spraying out of flat bowls broken up with their own deep green leaves. Support with wire flower-holder to get best effect.

## Schoolchildren need well-balanced luncheon

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

IF Oslo or other well-balanced meals are not available at school, mothers should pack lunches for the children who cannot come home for a midday meal.

A leaflet giving useful hints on how this lunch can be varied has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.

N.B.: The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau Pre-natal Service is available every day, Monday to Friday, from 10 a.m. to 12 noon and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. Demonstrations are given on

correct diet, care of the breasts, and other essentials. Demonstrations of special abdominal exercises, cot-making, and the bathing of baby are given individually and to classes. This service is free.

### 12-PATTERN LAYETTE FOR BABY. Price 3/6.

SELECTED by Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse, the layette includes nightgowns, dresses, carrying coat, matinee jacket, undershirt, pilchers, bonnet, booties, bib, and mittens.

Patterns of all these garments with full directions for cutting and making are obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney, for 3/6 post free.

## WINTER GREENS

By Our Home Gardener

MOST green crops grow better during winter than in summer, and now is the time to set out seed or seedlings of these health-giving vegetables.

The most popular home crop of the cabbage family is branching broccoli, which can be grown from the Northern (N.S.W.) Rivers south to Victoria, taking in all the highlands and mountain areas.

It is a cut-and-come-again crop; requires rich, deep soil, supplementary feeding, and ample moisture.

Cauliflowers are always welcomed in the home, and if your soil is rich and right it produces big curds. There are small varieties suitable to small families, as well as giants like Phenomenal.

Cabbages range in size from the small compact Sugarloaf types to big ones like Drumhead. They, too, need rich soil, plenty of liquid manure, and oodles of water right through the growing period.

Kohlrabi is another member of the family which produces good top greens (if cut young) and swollen, root-like stems of the highest flavor and food value.

Silver beet and winter spinach, although not related to the cabbage, also produce excellent green vegetables over a long period. Chinese cabbage, sold under various names, is another that is worth space and culture in any garden.

Lettuces, too, provide excellent salads in winter and rarely go to seed. They also require rich soil plenty of liquid manure, and ample water or they become tough and bitter.

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NEARLY  
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£750!**



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On hot summer days you perspire more freely. That's why you need Lifebuoy more than ever—it's the one soap specially made to stop "B.O." Lifebuoy with its special health ingredient gives lasting, all-over protection!

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If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Cries under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines don't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by sticking with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 1 hour. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The Guarantee protects you. New in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

**Cystex**

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

## Give Baby Lovely Curls



If far from chemist or store, send postal note of stamps for 3/8 to Curlypet, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Curlypet, with full directions for use, will reach you by return mail.

One month's treatment

Everywhere  
at chemists  
and stores. **3/8**

**CURLYPET**





# French <sup>TEACAKE</sup> without Tears

"Just follow the recipe"—

SAYS MARJORY CARTER, "AEROPHOS" COOKERY EXPERT



French tea cake? Here it is—simple, yet so delicious—a happy snack for afternoon tea. All you need is 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup self-raising flour containing "Aerophos" raising ingredient, and 1 tablespoon melted butter.

P.S.: Check your flour. Be sure it DOES contain "Aerophos," the raising ingredient that gives that lighter, finer, fluffier texture to today's better baking.



Now—just separate the yolk from the white of egg. Beat white stiffly. Stir in milk and essence. Stir in flour and melted butter.

And remember, because your self-raising flour contains "Aerophos" raising ingredient, you can be sure of the smooth, even, gentle rising of truly perfect baking. Just watch those cakes, pastries, and scones win over the most critical appetite—when your flour contains "Aerophos."



Mixture ready? Then cook it to tasty perfection in a greased 7-inch sandwich tin in a moderate oven (370 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. While hot, brush with butter and sprinkle with cinnamon. Serve with butter or preserve, hot or cold—and, stand by for compliments.

Thanks to "Aerophos" raising ingredient, your baking is lighter, finer, more deliciously tempting than ever before. Look for the "Aerophos" or "A. & W." seal on your favourite flour packet.



"AEROPHOS" is manufactured entirely in Australia by Albright and Wilson (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.



## "AEROPHOS"

is the Self-Raising Ingredient

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Better Baking — and it Costs Less with "Aerophos"





**F5021.**—Dress with low-cut neckline and wide skirt. In sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 8yds., 36in. material, and 20yds. of braid. Price 2/8.  
**F5022.**—Skirt and jacket with the new shape. Pattern includes long and short sleeves. In sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds., 54in. material for skirt, and 2yds., 54in. material for jacket. Price 1/10.

**F5023.**—One-piece with a swirl to its skirt. Pattern includes long and short sleeves. In sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 54in. material. Price 1/10.  
**F5024.**—Slender one-piece with a contrast, used for yoke and the 4-length sleeves. In sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 11yds. material for skirt and lower part of bodice, and 1yd. of 54in. contrasting material. Price, 1/10.

**F5025.**—A one-piece, softened with a self-frill at the low square neckline and hipline. Pattern includes long and short sleeves. In sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. material, or 2yds., 54in. material. Price 1/10.  
**F5026.**—A child's pinafore and blouse. In sizes 20in., 23in., and 27in. lengths. Requires 1yd., 36in. material for blouse and 11yds. of 36in. material for pinafore. Price 1/5.



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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 979.—PLAYTIME FROCK

The frock, with matching briefs, is traced ready to cut out and make up. In a printed cotton material which has a white background with a small multi-colored floral design.

Sizes—30in. length: Frock 6/9 (4 coupons), postage 7½d. extra; briefs, 3/12 (2 coupons), postage 5½d. extra. Full set: 10/6 (5 coupons), postage 4½d. extra.  
 23in. length: Frock 7/2 (3 coupons), postage 7½d. extra; briefs, 4/2 (2 coupons), postage, 3½d. extra. Full set: 11/5 (5 coupons), postage 8½d. extra.  
 27in. length: Frock 7/11 (4 coupons), postage 7½d. extra; briefs, 4/6 (2 coupons), postage 5½d. extra. Full set: 11/11 (6 coupons), postage 8½d. extra.

### No. 980 — EMBROIDERED SUPPER CLOTH

The design is traced ready to embroider on cream linen. The cloth is 36in. square and serviettes measure 11in. x 11in.

## FASHION FROCK SERVICE

### "VIDA"—Frock for many occasions

The frock has the "new look," with tiny waistline and skirt gathered at the hipline.

It is available ready to wear or cut out to make up in soft American spun rayon. The bodice has a pointed roll collar and fastens at the front with three clear perspex buttons. Colors for "Vida": Pele rose, grey, jade, navy.  
 Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 45/11 (8 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 48/6 (8 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.  
 Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 33/6 (8 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 35/11 (8 coupons). Postage, 1/3½ extra.

### "ALANA"—Summer Nightgown

The nightgown is obtainable cut out to make up, or ready for you to wear.

It is made in a filament rayon brocade in colors of either white or peach.  
 Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 42/2 (7 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 44/6 (7 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.  
 Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 31/9 (7 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 33/2 (7 coupons). Postage, 10½d. extra.

N.B. When ordering Fashion Frocks, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.



SEND your order for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17) or by post:  
 Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
 Box 385A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
 Box 491Q, G.P.O., Perth.  
 Box 402P, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
 Box 180C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
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